





POETRY OF THE MAGYARS,

PRECEDED BY A SKETCH

OF THE

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF HUNGARY
AND TRANSYLVANIA.

BY

JOHN BOWRING,

LL.D. F.L.S. M.R.A.S.

HONORARY CORRESPONDENT OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF THE NETHERLANDS, AND MEMBER OF THE LITERARY SOCIETIES OF FRIESLAND, GRONINGEN, PARIS, LEYDEN, LEEUWARDEN, ATHENS, TURIN, SHEFFIELD, &c., &c.

Eggy Istenérf, eggy Hazáért
'Egett hajdan, durván hív,—
Eggy mátkáért, nyoszolyáért—
A' törzsökös Magyar szív.

KISFALUDY K.

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TO
HIS HIGHNESS, PRINCE
PAUL ESZTERHAZY DE GALANTHA,

GRAND CROSS OF THE ROYAL ORDER OF ST. STEPHEN OF HUNGARY,
OF THE ORDER OF THE GUELPHS, AND OF ST. FERDINAND
OF NAPLES; CHAMBERLAIN AND PRIVY COUNCILLOR OF
HIS IMPERIAL AND ROYAL APOSTOLIC MAJESTY, AND
HIS EXTRAORDINARY AMBASSADOR TO HIS
BRITANNIC MAJESTY,

WHOSE ILLUSTRIOUS NAME HAS BEEN FOR AGES SO
PRE-EMINENTLY ASSOCIATED WITH THE HISTORY
OF THE MAGYARS,

This Volume

IS, BY PERMISSION, MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,
BY HIS OBEDIENT, HUMBLE SERVANT,
THE TRANSLATOR.

LONDON, *January 30th, 1830.*

PREFACE.

I SHOULD think with less concern of the delay which has taken place since the announcement of this Volume, if I believed I had succeeded even to the extent of my own anticipations in producing a work of interest and value. Nothing can be more indulgent than the criticisms which, from time to time, have noticed the attempts I have made to bring the Poetry of other lands to the hearths and homes of England. I can truly say, had I myself been the critic they would have been judged with far greater severity. Another race of poets are now candidates in my hands for the good opinion of my countrymen ; but on this occa-

sion the claim to a candid, to a forbearing judgment, is stronger than I have ever before had to urge.

The Magyar language stands afar off and alone. The study of other tongues will be found of exceedingly little use towards its right understanding. It is moulded in a form essentially its own, and its construction and composition may be safely referred to an epoch when most of the living tongues of Europe either had no existence, or no influence on the Hungarian region.

Distance, too, has made the mission of books, and even the communication of ideas, tardy, uncertain, and expensive. Many valuable documents have been lost, or have lingered beyond the period when I could employ them usefully. One delay becomes

the parent of many, and in the mean time the mind gets diverted, as mine has too frequently been, to other and more immediately attractive topics. My book goes forward, then,

“ With all its imperfections on its head.”

They would have been many more but for the watchful care of my friend MAYER, to whom I offer this public testimony of my thanks.

There are some, I know, who look upon the occupations of a Translator as ignoble and unworthy of literary ambition. I am well content to stand at respectful distance from those great intellects whose works are borne on the wings of an all-pervading fame to every country where the ear of civilization is listening. Yet I cannot believe that my

humble labors are useless, nor have I ever wanted, and I hope I never shall want while health is vouchsafed to me, both encouragement and enthusiasm to pursue them. My mission, at all events, is one of benevolence. I have never left the ark of my country but with the wish to return to it, bearing fresh olive branches of peace and fresh garlands of poetry. I never yet visited the land where I found not much to love, to learn, to imitate, to honor. I never yet saw man utterly despoiled of his humanities. In Europe, at least, there are no moral nor intellectual wildernesses. Let others go forth with me to gather its fruits and flowers.

J. B.

TO
FR. J. SCHEDEL.

I FOLLOW in thy footsteps, yet afar ;
Thou hear'st the voice—I but the echoes hear,
Of the time-consecrated Magyār ;
And while they vibrate in my spirit, bear
The music, ere it dies upon the ear,
To the old halls of England—where there are
Spirits of love, of sympathy sincere,
To welcome, as from some new-beaming star,
All I can bring of beauty, light, and song.
Say to Hungaria, she shall stand among
The lands which Poetry with glory girds ;
And if not mine, some happier lot 'twill be
To fling the wreath of fame o'er her and thee,
With sweeter harmony and loftier words.

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INTRODUCTION.

A' MAGYAR NYELV.

On the Magyar Language.

INTRODUCTION.

AFTER a long period of inertness and almost of oblivion, the language and literature of Hungary seem starting into a new and vigorous existence. A band of distinguished writers have appeared with the present generation, whose privilege it has been at once to will and to effect the regeneration of their native idiom, which had been sinking under the indifference of some and the attacks of others. Its history has been marked by many vicissitudes. Originating in an age too remote to be defined or even discovered, and receiving from time to time infusions from the various tribes and tongues who have visited or been visited by the Magyar race, it has yet retained all its essential peculiarities, and offers to the inquirer some of the most curious topics of research. Space, however, will allow nothing here but a

slight sketch of some of its more remarkable characteristics.

The roots of the Magyar are for the most part exceedingly simple and monosyllabic, but their ramifications are numerous, consistent, and beautiful. I know of no language which presents such a variety of elementary stamina, and none which lends itself so easily and gracefully to all the modifications growing out of its simple principles. These modifications are almost always postfixed, and invariably they harmonize with the preceding part of the word.

The accent is not necessarily on the root of a word, which in verbs is to be sought in the third person singular of the present tense. The analogy between words and things is very striking and not only extends to objects with which sound is associated, but sometimes is observable even to the eye. *Dörög* (it thunders) affects the ear; *villám* (it lightens) has an obvious propriety even in the appearance of the words. Many noises are admirably represented by the words which convey the idea; as, *forr* (it boils), *tör* (it breaks), *cseng* (it rings), *peng* (it rings, i. e. speaking of coins), *hang* (sound). No eight monosyllables in any language could convey a more complete image of the horrors of war than does Kisfaludy's verse:

Mars mord dühe a' mit ér, vág,
Bont, dört, tör, ront, dul, sujt, öl.*

The voices of animals are also represented by characteristic words — the bear *morog*, the lion *ordit*, the owl *uhong*, the cock *kukorit*, the bull *bömböl*, the cow *bög*, the goat *mekeg*, the lamb *beget*, the pig *röfög*, the goose *gágot*.

The most remarkable character of the Magyar, and that which gives and preserves a euphony beyond the reach of any other language, is the separation of the vowels into two classes—a, o, u, male, and e, i, ö, and ü, female; while each class possesses a separate set of instruments for creating all conjugates.† If the last syllable of a word have, for example, a masculine vowel, the affix must be made to agree with it. A wonderful uniformity of character and harmony of sound

* The murderous rage of Mars, which, whatever it reaches, cuts,

Wastes, shakes, breaks, destroys, uprends, scatters, and slays.

† Verseghi divides the vowels into four classes, which he calls,
 1, Base-vowels—a, o, and u.
 2, Tenor-vowels—ö and ü.
 3, Alt-vowel—e.
 4, Discant-vowel—i.

The first, he says, must have a base-vowel for its suffix.

The second and third can never take a suffix from the first.

The fourth is neutral, and sometimes takes a suffix from all the others.

are the necessary consequence of this simple and appropriate machinery. Thus, for example, *andó* and *endő* are the signs of the participle future, and are used the first for the male, as *hal*, root of *halál* (death), makes *halandó*, will die, or dieable; and the second for the female, as *ég*, root of *égni* (to burn), *égendő*, will burn, or burnable—as and *es*, as *olvasás* (reading), from the root *olvas*, reads—and *szenvedés* (suffering), from *szenved* suffers—at and *et*, as *gondolat* (thought), from *gondol*, thinks—*épület* (a building), from *épül*, builds. So, again, the comparative is formed of *abb* or *ebb*, according to the ultimate syllable; as *drága* dear, *drágább* dearer—*bölcs* wise, *bölcsebb* wiser. *Ság* and *ség* make a quality from a personification—*barátság*, friendship, from *barát*, friend—*emberség*, manhood, from *ember*, man: *talan*, *telen*, denote absence; as, *szobátalan*, without a chamber—*kéretlen*, unasked, i. e. without asking. And so are the Hungarian plurals, according to the vowels of the singular, formed in *ak*, *ok*, or *ek*. The same modification runs through all the declensions and conjugations.

This division of the language into male and female words may be pursued in its influences to some very curious results. It will be found that the letters *a* and *o* are usually employed in the words to which the ideas of grandeur, vastness,

weight, and pomp, attach, such as *tó*, the lake ; *nap*, the sun ; *hold*, the moon ; *tábor*, a camp ; *had*, war—that *e* and *i* occur where swiftness or alacrity are denoted ; as, *vig*, gay ; *vidit*, to exhilarate—that disagreeable associations are usually connected with *u* ; as, *rut*, ugly ; *buta*, stupid ; *bu*, grief : *ö* and *ü* generally represent vagueness and confusion ; as, *göz*, vapor ; *füst*, smoke ; *sötét*, dark ; *gödör*, ditch ; *sürü*, thick. So the short vowels for the most part express rapidity, and the long ones slowness ; as *sebes*, hasty ; *röpül*, to fly ; *szalad*, to run—*lassú*, slow ; *csúsz*, creeps ; *mász*, crawls. In the same manner it will be found that the hard and soft consonants are adapted to the different ideas conveyed ; as for example, *kö*, stone ; *kard*, sabre ; *durva*, rude ; while *lágy*, *anya*, *leány*, soft, mother, girl, have a sweetness suited to the objects they represent.*

* A very curious example of two distinct meanings to the same syllables, when differently arranged, is given in the Szép Literatúrai Ajándek, for 1820, p. 65.

Boris te ! nem ámor ostoba
 Nyila zörömböl. Tsője
 Meg tompult a' lángon.
 Domboru tán Bora kedvellője.
 Bor Istene ! mámoros tóba
 Nyil az öröm böltsője
 Megtompul talán gondom
 Por utan. Bor a' kedv Ellője.

Whatever changes the language, brought by the Magyars into Europe, has undergone in consequence of their intercourse with their neighbours, the construction has been little changed, and retains its Asiatic forms. The words which have been introduced have mostly undergone an Hungarian modification, and of late the language has obtained a decided mastery over the Latin, which, for many centuries, had been the instrument of law and literature. That it presents many difficulties to the student, is certain. It has sounds which, though they may be collected from other languages, are combined in none — the French *eu*, *u*, and *j*, the German ö and ü, the Spanish ll, ñ, the Russian **Ч** and **Ш**, the Italian *gi*, and many others. Then again its Eastern peculiarities. Its precision, however, facilitates the right understanding of it, as do the simple and efficient rules by which all its conjugates are made. Of any adjective an active verb may be formed by the addition of *etni*, and a substantive by the addition of *ság* or *ség*. The same form of conjugates is used for substantives, pronouns, adjectives, numerals, and verbs. These conjugates are simple additions to, and never alterations of, the root, and are throughout *postpositions*, which sometimes, when gathered up one after another, pre-

sent a curious aspect; as *lát* (sees), the root; *láthat*, he can see; *látás* (seeing or sight); *látó*, the seer (the prophet); *látni*, to see; *látatlan*, unseen; *látható*, seeable; *láthatoság*, seeableness; *látatlan*, unseeable; *láthattalak*, I might have seen thee; *láthatatlanság*, unseeableness; *láthatatlonoknak*, to the unseeable (pl. Dat.).

In the Magyar alphabet the *y*, after *g*, *l*, *n*, and *t*, produces that sound which melts into the following letter; as, in French, *gn*, *ll*, in *montagne*, *medaille*: *cs*, *ts*, are equivalent to our *ch*; *sz*, to *s*; *zs*, to the French *j*; *tz* or *cz* to *z*; and *s* to the English *sh*. The effect of an accent is to lengthen the vowel; *ö* and *ü* (*ő* and *ű*, or *ő* and *ű* long) have nearly the sounds of the French *eu* and *u*. The whole number of sounds in the Magyar is thirty-eight, and their orthography, like that of all the Gothic and Slavonic nations, has to struggle with the imperfections of the Roman alphabet in representing sounds unknown to the Latins. The characteristic of the Latin alphabet is poverty, and its inconvenience and inaptitude to many of the idioms into which it has been introduced, are very striking. It is thus that strangers are so perplexed with our two *th*'s, as in *thing* and *that*; the *þ* and the *ȝ* of the Anglo Saxons, the *θ* and

the δ of the modern Greeks. If the Polish and Bohemian tongues present a strange appearance to the eye, it arises from the blending together of many consonants to represent a single sound. The letters c, q, and x, are wanting to the Magyar alphabet. Some of the inconveniences of the small number of letters are avoided by accents. In the word értelém, for example, the e has three distinct sounds.

The introduction of an accent frequently gives a word a completely different signification.—*Sas*, eagle; *sás*, reed; *szü*, woodworm; *szű*, heart; *por*, dust; *pór*, peasant.

So again many words have two meanings; as, *idő*, time and weather; *hét*, week and seven; *nap*, sun and day.—These, however, bear the obvious names of original identity.

The native Hungarian cannot combine two consonants in the same syllable. The words in the language which present such a combination are foreign. The presence of many consonants in a word is always a source of difficulty to foreigners, and is one of the main sources of modifications. In Spanish, *s* followed by a consonant has almost always an *e*, making another syllable before it; as, *estrada*, for strada; *espada*, for spada: so the Magyar *iskola* for school.

In the Finnic branches of language some very extraordinary changes will be found, produced by this circumstance. And in Hungarian scarcely less; as, *Görög*, Greek; *Ferencz*, Francis.

The Magyar is absolutely devoid of genders, and the female sex is always expressed by a distinct word.* It has only a definite article, *az*, *ez*,† which is at the same time a demonstrative pronoun. It has only one declension, and the possessive pronouns are *suffixa* to the nouns, as are the personal pronouns to the verbs, modifying both nouns and verbs to a singular uniformity; as for example,

<i>szeretet</i> ,	love;	<i>szeretetem</i> ,	my love;	<i>szeretet["]unk</i> ,	our love.
<i>szeretni</i> ,	to love;	<i>szeretem</i> ,	I love;	<i>szeretünk</i> ,	we love.
		<i>szereteted</i> ,	thy love;	<i>szeretetek</i> ,	your love.
		<i>szereted</i> ,	thou lovest;	<i>szerettek</i> ,	you love.
		<i>szeretete</i> ,	his love;		
		<i>szereti</i> ,	he loves.		

Gibbon says, that “the Hungarian bears a close and clear affinity to the idiom of the Fennic race, i. e. the Finnish, Laplandish, and Esthonian.” He is an indifferent authority in philosophical matters. The words of identity are really few—far fewer than will be found common to the

* It is a curious fact that *him* is one of the words which represent the male gender in Magyar.

† *Egy* (one) is a numeral and not an article.

Magyar and German, or even the Magyar and Latin. There are some curious affinities, but they are not peculiar in the construction of the Finnish and the Hungarian : the copulative conjunctions, prepositions, interrogative adverbs, and possessive pronouns, are all postfixed to the nouns. The adjectival termination *es*, and the possessive *em*, are common to the Lappish and the Magyar. The Magyar *mene*, and the Esthonian *minne*, are conjugates of substantives denoting action, and *ké* is a diminutive in both. The Hungarian and Finmark plural nominative *ak*, *ek*, are identical ; in Finnish the plural is formed by *h*. Berégassi's work* has traced the affinities of the Magyar into twenty eastern and half the number of western languages. Gyarmath† has written with extreme minuteness on the resemblance between the Hungarian and the Finnish. He produces a number of words ending, for the most part, in *as*, *es*, *is*, *os*, and *ad*, which are common to both. Neither has any gender, and they each form their com-

* Ueber die Aehnlichkeit der Hungarischen Sprache mit den morgenlaedischen nebst einer Entwicklung der Natur und mancher bisher unbekannten Eigenschaften desselben von P. Berégassi. 4to. Leipzig. 1796.

† Affinitas Linguæ Hungaricæ cum Linguis Fennicæ originis Grammatice demonstrata. Gottingæ. 1799.

parative in *b*. Every noun may in both be formed into a verb, while the verbs of both have some of those peculiar tenses which are not very easily translatable into English ; as for example,

<i>Laplandish.</i>	<i>Hungarian</i>	<i>which Gyarmath thus Latinizes.</i>
Etsab	szeretek	a:mo.
Etsam	szerettem	amavi.
Etschtattam	szeretődőm	amor.
Etsahtallam		maximè amo.
Etsehtam	szerettetem	curo ut amet.
Etsatzjam		frequenter amo.
Etseelam	szeretdegesem	frequenter quidem sed nimus amo.
Etseslam	szeretgetem	amo aliquantulum
Etsolestam	szeretintem	omnium minime amo.
Etsehtattatlam	szerettetgetem	facio ut alterum sæpe et diù amet.

In Finnish, Laplandish, and Hungarian, the adjectives precede the nouns, except where a verb interposes. The singular number follows all numerals, as *kilentz nap*, nine day, not nine *days*. In both a superlative idea is often communicated by a repetition of the positive noun, as *kieura*, *kieura almats*, (Lap.,) *Erös erös ember*, (Hung.,) a strong, strong man. The verb *to have* is wanting in the two branches; possession is expressed by, *to be to*, *Le musne kirje*, (Lap.,) *van nekem könyvem*—A book is to me, i. e. I have a book. Both frequently suppress the verb to be, as *Jó az*, that (is) good, and both employ it in the ge-

rundial form for the present of the infinite, *Evöben vagyok*, (Hung.,) *Láen porriem*, (Lap.,) I am eating.* The Estonian and Hungarian pronouns have a strong resemblance.

<i>Estonian</i>	mis	ke	kegi	minna	mere	teie
<i>Hungarian</i>	mi	ki	kiki	én	mi	ti

what who whoever I we you.

And in their expressions of endearment there is much similarity of phrase, as *Kulla Herra*, (Est.,) *Aranyos Uram*, (Hung.,) My golden Sir !

The affinities with some of the remoter idioms, are very remarkable. The word *atya*, father, is (as is well known) one found in a variety of different tongues, though I suspect its resemblance to the first lispings of a child is the secret of its extension. But blended with a possessive pronoun, the affinities are extraordinary.

<i>Cheremissian</i>	Atjam	atjat	atjáse
<i>Hungarian</i>	Atyam	atyad	attyá
<i>Laplandish</i>	Attjain	attjatt	attjes
	My father	thy father	his father
<i>Cheremissian</i>	Atjane	atjada	atjast
<i>Hungarián</i>	Atyánk	atyátok	attyok
<i>Laplandish</i>	Mo attjeh	to atjeh	attjehs
	our father	your father	their father.†

* But Gyarmath is full of extravagant fancies. Many of his affinities are as far removed as possible. Who but he would have seen a resemblance between *Jubmel* and *Isten*, *Adde Stalpai* and *Addfarkesnak* ?

† Those who would pursue these researches into Tartary,

Of the affinities of the Magyar with the languages which it has been supposed to resemble, the following Numerals will enable the reader to judge :

	<i>Hungarian</i>	<i>Laplandish</i>	<i>Esthonian</i>	<i>Votjak</i>	<i>Cheremissian</i>
1	Egy	Agd	Uks	Odik	Iktet
2	Kettő or Két	Kuăhte	Kaks	Kik	Koktot
3	Horma or Három	Harma	Kolin	Kain	Kumut
4	Négy	Nelje	Nelli	Nil	Nilit
5	Öt	Wit	Viis	Vity	Vizit
6	Hat	Kot	Kunz	Kuaty	Kudut
7	Hét	Kietja	Seits	Szezin	Szimit
8	Nyoltz	Kaktse	Kapheksa	Kiamiz	Kandase
9	Kilenz	Aktse	Ühheksa	Ukmiz	Indese
10	Eleg or Tiz	Logie	Kümme	Daz	Lu
11	Egy-eleg- nel or Tiz- egyk		Akht-loge-nal	Dazodik	Luatckle
12	Kettő eleg- nel		Kuăhte loge nal	Dazkik	Luatkotot
20	Két-eleg or Husz		Kuăhte loge .	Kiz	Kolo
100	Száz	Tjuote	Sadda	Sziu	Sjudo
1000	Ezer	Tusan	Tuhhat	Sziurz	Tusem
	<i>Volguls</i>	<i>Pennic</i>	<i>Ostiaks</i>	<i>Finnish</i>	
1	Akw	Otek	Eiet	Iksi	
2	Kiteg	Kük	Katu	Kaksi	

may consult Witzen's *Noord en Oost Tartarye*, Amsterdam, 1705; the Collection of Russian Histories, Petersburgh, 1758; and they will find a few materials in Pallas's comparative Dictionary.

<i>Volguls</i>	<i>Pennic</i>	<i>Ostiaks</i>	<i>Finnish</i>
3 Kurom	Kuum	Chulom	Kolmi
4 Nilli	Njol	Nilha	Neljä
5 At	Vit	Uwat	Viisi
6 Kot	Kuat	Chot	Kuusi
7 Sat	Sisim	Sabat	Seitsemäń
8 Nöllon	Kökjammas	Nicha	Kahdeksan
9 Ontollon	Ukmus	Artjan	Yhdeksän
10 Lou	Dass	Jong	Kymmenan
11 Akukniplon		Igut-jong	Iksitoistakym- mentă
12 Kitkniplon		Katchutjong	Kaksitoistakym- mentă
20 Kus		Chus	Kaksikymmentă
100 Shät		Sot	Sata
1000 Shotz		Turres	Tuhans.

The prosody of the Magyar is very remarkable. There is no measure of Latin or Greek rythmus to which it does not lend itself. Pýrrhícs and Spōndēes abound. The trībrāch and mōlōssūs are not wanting ; and all the intermixtures of long and short feet, Iāmbīcs, Trōchēes, Dāctyls, and ānāpēsts. Virág's *Magyar Prosodia és Magyar Irás*,* contains specimens of every classical measure. Other specimens of the adaptation of the Magyar may be found in his *Poesia*, at the end of his Tragedy of *Hunyadi László*.† The first example of measured verse is of the date of 1541.

The dialects of Hungary are not much unlike ;

* Buda. 8vo. 1820.

† Buda. 8vo. 1817.

and there is no part of the country where the Magyar is so spoken, as not to be intelligible in every other part. The varieties are principally in confounding a and o, and é and i, and in lengthening the syllables and words. Two prize Essays, one by Horvát, and the other by Gáti, on the Dialects of the Hungarian, were published in 1821. The two most distinct idioms are those of Raab and Bihar. The Transylvanians, especially the Székely, have a drawling manner of pronouncing words which is very singular. They are of Tatar origin, and have preserved a greater number of their original terms.*

The Hungarians invariably write the baptismal after the family name. Thus, *Thaisz András* (Andrew Thaisz, the translator of the Scottish Romances); this rule even extends to foreign names, as in the title to these translations, *Scott Walter Románjai*. Hungarian women do not abandon their family names when they marry.

As in every other tongue of ancient date, a demand for new words, accommodated to an advanced cultivation, has been felt in the Hungarian.

* Consult, for some curious particulars concerning them, Engel's *Geschichte des Ungarischen Reichs und seiner Nebeländer*. Halle, 1797.

Nothing can be so pernicious as to shut out useful novelties from a language, and, under the name of purity, to provide for its permanent poverty. In 1653, Professor Apáczai Csere János introduced many valuable words into his Hungarian Cyclopaedia, but they did not take root. In 1787, Szabó David made the experiment of employing many words of German origin. Kazinczy, who, in early life, had taken a decided part against innovation, became afterwards the advocate for the use of a foreign phraseology in matters of foreign origin. He was violently attacked in a satire, entitled *Mondolat*, and an active controversy was excited, in which many of the principal Magyar writers took an active part.

In Hungarian the title is always given in conversation, and the form of address is in the third person singular, *az Ur*, *az Aszszony*, the gentleman, the lady; as, *Hogy van az Ur?* How does the gentleman do? From inferiors the usual expression is *Tekinteles Ur*, Courteous Sir; to inferiors, *Kend* or *Ked* is the title used, which is probably an abbreviation of *Kegyelmed* or *Kelmed*, Your Grace, a form still much used. Döbrentei has proposed the word *Kegyed* for common use, and it has been employed in the writings of Kis,

Kisfaludy, and Thaisz. Perhaps there is no language in which the introduction of titular expressions of courtesy is so piquant as in the Magyar.

Though many Hungarian writers report that the Magyars brought with them from Asia works in the native oriental character, nothing of this description is now remaining. The introduction of Christianity introduced the Latin alphabet in the time of Stephen the First (A.D. 997—1034). The Christian teachers, being originally strangers, employed the Roman letters ; but not for nearly a century the Latin language, the use of which was first decreed by the Synod of 1114.

There are two documents in Hungarian to which Döbrentei assigns the date of A.D. 1192, 1210. They are funeral discourses, and thus begin : *Latjatne feleym zumtuchel mic rogmuc*—and *Scerelmes bratym uimaggomuc ez scegen ember tilkeert.** There is also a biography of Margaret, daughter of King Bela the Fourth, who died in 1271.

From the fourteenth to the beginning of the sixteenth century, under the domination of fo-

* In modern Magyar, *Lájatok feleim szemetekkel mik vagyunk*—You see, my kinsmen what we are ; and, *Szerelmes barátim imadjunk ez szegény ember lelkéért*—My beloved friends ! let us pray for this poor man's soul.

reign kings, the Hungarian was employed for laws and ordinances, and was used as the Court language under Charles and Louis of Anjou. There is a Magyar partition-document, dated 1339. There are, too, Hungarian oaths sometimes attached to Latin laws, for the better understanding of the people. The form of the Coronation Appeal, used at this epoch by the Primate of the kingdom, the Archbishop of Gran, to the assembled orders, is still preserved. Three times he demanded *Akarjátok é hogy e' jelenlevő N. N. királyságra koronáztássék*, “ Will you that N. N. here present be crowned for our king ? ” And the answer thrice repeated was, *Akarjuk éljen, éljen, éljen, a' király*—“ We will,—Live, live, live the king.”

There have been from time to time royal declarations in favour of the Hungarian language: In 1527, Ferdinand the First publicly declared that “ he would preserve the Magyar tongue and people with all his power and means ; ” and, in 1569, there is in the statutes of Maximilian the following words : “ *Et casu quo suam majestatem a regno longius abesse contingeret unum ex filiis loco sui et si usque possibile sit, in Ungaria ut linguam quoque gentis addiscant, relinquere.* ”

The Princes of the Habsburgh House have

given all possible encouragement to the predominance of the German tongue in Hungary. As there has been for centuries no kingly court at Buda, the language has suffered something from the want of that protection which fashion communicates. The Emperor Joseph issued a Hungarian decree during the tumults which disturbed his reign ; and, in 1790, the Diet encouraged the language by a specific law ; but the Diet has not ventured to make the Magyar the recognized language for official communication. Something like this was anticipated from their last assembly in 1825-27, but the public expectation was disappointed.

There are many Hungarian grammars, of which the oldest is that of John Erdősi, printed at Vissigath, in 1539. Another was published by Albert Molnár in 1610, of which an improved edition appeared at Vienna in 1788. Meliboi's *Ungarischer Sprachmeister*, (Presburg, 1787, 6th ed.,) and Jos. Farkas' *Grundliche und Neu Verbesserte Ungarische Sprachlehre*, originally printed in 1771, have been reprinted from time to time, the latter with additions and amendments by P. de Kis Szonto, and Jos. von Márton. Sam. Gyarmath's *Kritische Grammatik*, in 2 vols., is a more elaborate production ; and Paul Bersgszászi's *Versuch einer Magyarischen Sprachlehre* has a

particular view to the affinities between the Hungarian and the Oriental tongues. This is also the object of Verseghi's *A' tiszta Magyarsag*, or "the pure Hungarian tongue," which has led to a philological controversy, in which he has been attacked by Joh. Miklosi, in a volume entitled *Verseghi Ferentz nek Tisztátlan Magyarság*, or Fr. Verseghi's impure Hungarian Tongue.*

Jos. von Márton's Hungarian and German Dictionary is the best. The last edition of Fr. Paris Papais' *Dictionarum Latine-Hungaricum* contains a history of all the vocabularies of the Magyar tongue.

* Mithridates, Vol. II. 781-3.

A' MAGYAR LITERATÚRA.

On Magyar Literature.

ON
MAGYAR LITERATURE.

Various are the opinions respecting the origin of the Hungarian people. Dr. F. Thomas has written three volumes to prove them to be descended from the ancient Egyptians.* The word *Hungariai* is of Mogol root, and was originally *Ugur* or *Ingur*, meaning foreigner or stranger. The Hungariai denominate themselves and their language *Magyar*, which was undoubtedly the name of one of the tribes from which they sprung. In the fourth century they took possession of the land of the Bashkir (Tartars), between the Volga, Tobol, and Jaik. They were subdued by the Turks in the sixth century; and in the seventh, eighth, and ninth, they associated themselves with the Chazars in Lebedia, (now the province of Katherinoslav,) and subsisted by robbery and ravage. In the middle of the ninth century they

* *Conjecturæ de Origine, prima sede et lingua Hungarorum.*
Budæ, 1806. 3 Vols.

were called in by Ratislaw, Duke of Moravia, to assist him against the Germans; and not long after, their territory being intruded on by the Pechenegers, they took up their abode under the Carpathian mountains, and combined with King Arnulf against their former Moravian allies. In their absence the Bulgarians had devastated their province, and they took possession of a part of Galicia, but afterwards broke through the Carpathians towards Munkach, attacked the Bulgarians on the river Theiss, and seized a part of Pannonia. They were at this period composed of seven tribes, of which the Magyar was the strongest, and ultimately gave its name to all the rest. A part of the race still occupied *Bashkirie*, and are mentioned by Carpini in 1246, and Rubrives in 1251, who speak of them as having originally gone forth from the Bashkirs. In our time, however, no fragments of the Magyar language are left in Bashkirie, though Von Orlay reports that one of the Caucasian tribes is still called *Ugrichi* (Hungarians) by the Russians, and uses an Hungarian dialect. Among the Hungarians it has always been a favorite theory to consider themselves as *Huns*, with little other reason than the similarity of name. The *Huns* were undoubtedly a Mongolian race, and nothing can

be more unlike than the languages, characters, persons, and habits, of the Hungarians and the Mongolians. Of late, a theory that the Hungarians and Finlanders have a common origin, has found many intelligent advocates ; but probably nothing more than the orientalism of both can be deduced from the affinities of their language.

We know little of Etele (Attila), except from testimony which must be received with the greatest distrust. Priscus Rhetor, who was sent by Theodosius the Second to the Court of Etele, speaks of the fondness of the Huns for their native language, and of the festal songs in which, after their festivals, the deeds of their heroes were celebrated in so touching a style, that the aged men of the assembly shed many tears. He mentions also, that when Etele returned to his castle, he was met by maidens in white veils, who greeted him with Scythian hymns. During the reign of the Arpadian kings, which brings us down to the beginning of the 14th century, (Andreas Veneta having been poisoned in 1301,) many are the references to the Joculators and Trufators,* the Poets and Jesters, who were always to be found

* Trufator, *Trufu*, (now *Tréfa*,) is an old Magyar word for Jest. Schedel asks if Troubadour, Trobador, and Trufator, may not be synonymous.

about the person of the monarch. And Galeotti, the librarian of King Matthias, asserts that his father, the celebrated John Hunyadi, awakened the martial spirit of his master by the hero-songs which he caused to be recited to him. "At table too," he says, "musicians and cithara players sung the deeds of valiant warriors in their native tongue to the music of the lyre—an usage," he continues, "brought from Rome, and which passed from us (Italians) even to the Hungarians."* At this period the literary influence of Italy upon Hungary was very remarkable, and Dante has expressed in his Paradise a bright anticipation for the

Beata Ungria! se non si lascia
Più malmenare.

Cant. xix.

But of this period little remains, except such scattered notices and fragments as are scarcely remarkable enough to occupy a place in this brief notice.

Simon von Reza is the first of the Hungarian Chroniclers. His history is from the earliest times down to the end of the thirteenth century.

* Of one of the Hungarian Bishops, Galeotti writes, "Per placuit etiam mihi illa familiæ suæ dignitas et elegantia semper enim in ejus domo aut oratur aut studetur aut carmen cantatur ad lyram aut sermo habetur honestus." Cap. 31.

John von Kükollo wrote the Life of Lewis the First, 1342—1382, and John De Turocz published a Chronicle of the Kingdom of Hungary down to the year 1473, in which he has introduced, word for word, the writings of his above-mentioned predecessors, as well as the *Chronicon Budense* of an anonymous author printed at Buda in 1473.*

The battle of Mohács (1526) is the “*Dies iræ*” of the Hungarians, and its story of defeat and humiliation is more melancholy from its so immediately following a period of hope and of brightness. Hungary had been enlightened by the efforts of her own sons, and by the influx of illustrious strangers, as if merely to contrast with the darkness of Turkish oppression. The Reformation which soon after this period broke in upon the land, did much for the language. The spirit of Lutheranism was essentially popular. Its instrument, the vernacular tongue, especially represented in that mighty machine of knowledge and of power, the Press, whose efforts have changed and continue to change the character of nations, and which acts as a security against their permanent decline and fall, began to exert its beneficial influences.

* Eichorn, Geschichte der Litteratur, II. 319.

In the sixteenth century many printing presses existed in Hungary. The great circulation of the Bible in the vernacular tongue produced a great demand for books. In the cities of Bartfeld, Debretzen, Várad, Neusohl, Kassa, were printing establishments supported by the public, and the Magnates assisted those of Detrekö, Ujszigeth, Galgócz, Alsóhendra, Némethujvar, and Pápa. In the following century presses were erected in Trentsin, Silein, Senitz, Puchov, Leutschan, and Csessreg. No censorship existed in any shape during this period.

The names of Magyar authors begin now to thicken, and a list of chroniclers and poets occupy the pages of literary story. The works of this period are for the most part biographical and historical.* The poetry can hardly be said to be much elevated above dull and sober prose, the *ars poetica* of the age being little more than the art of making common-place sentences dance to the jingle of a rhyme. The best poet of the day was Tinódi, who wrote both foreign and domestic history, and who does not seem to have had patronage enough to exalt him even above bodily suffering; for in a single verse, which he

* See a Catalogue of these early productions in Sandor's *Magyar Könyvesház*, Raab, 1803, in 8vo.

introduces more than once, he gives a description of himself which brings him and his misery pictorially before us. It may thus be rendered:

This was written in his chamber by the penniless Tinódi,
Often blowing on his fingers, for the cold was in his body.*

TINÓDI flourished in the middle of the sixteenth century. He was employed as a literatus in the suite of Valentine Török, who being led captive by the Turks to the seven towers, left his poor bard to wander over Hungary and Transylvania. His works were collected by himself into two small quarto volumes in 1554.

BALASSA (born 1550, died 1594) has a few compositions of some energy and feeling, and one or two of his warlike songs are martial and fiery. He fell in the siege of Gran. How many of the poets of war have been its victims ! His first introduction to notice was on occasion of the crowning of Rudolf at Presburg in 1572, when he exhibited a grotesque peasant dance to the court, exciting, says his biographer, the wonder of the royal family and of all who saw him. His love for poetry is manifest from the pieces he wrote

* Ennek lőn irása a' jó kolosvárba
Tinódi Sebestyén könyvnyomtatásába ;
Szerzé nagy buába, egy hideg szobába,
Gyakran fú körmébe, mert nincs pénz tasolyába.

amidst the clang of arms, a few days before his death.

Some dramatic writers belong to this epoch. Karádi's *Balassa Menyhárt* and Bornemisza's *Klytemnestra* are the most remarkable. A few years after, we find a description of the sort of plays performed in Transylvania. “Hinc publicæ fabulæ exhibitæ et comædiæ expugnationem Canisensem, Turcarum trepidationem fugam et futuram stragem, repræsententes.” But both tragedies and comedies were represented by strolling players, both in Hungarian and Latin, to which the Jesuits contributed a great number.

RIMAI is not without some merit as a didactic and meditative poet. He was a contemporary of Balassa, though the exact dates are unknown of his birth and death.

ERDÖSI made the first attempt to break through the fetters which rhymes imposed upon the Magyar poets, and to introduce the classical prosodial forms. The Bohemians had attempted this before, and the first Sapphics of the Germans are of the year 1537. In 1541, Erdösi wrote his “*A' Magyar népnek ki ezt olvassa,*” an address to such of the Magyars as would read it, in flowing hexameters. He had for a long time no followers, and the singular aptitude of the Hungarian lan-

guage for the Greek and Roman measures, seems to have continued unobserved for nearly two centuries longer.

ZRINYI appeared at a period which several nations are disposed to claim as the golden age of their literature. He was born in the year in which Shakspere and Cervantes died—the proud era of Italy, England, Spain, and Portugal. Zrinyi is, however, the founder of the modern poetry of the Magyars. In 1651, appeared his *Zriniad*, an epic poem, the produce of those hours which military and civil service left him in his busy existence. His verses, consisting of four lines of twelve syllables, with a common rhyme, have given a name to this peculiar stanza. Little can be said in favor of his language, style, or versification. They are careless and incorrect, and his battle descriptions are tedious indeed. Yet are his conceptions bold and strong. His portraits are well drawn, and his groupings happy. His facility of writing led him astray; yet, withal, he is undoubtedly far above any poet that had preceded him, or any that followed, for a century at least. In some of his shorter poems there is evidence of a playful and busy fancy. He was the representative of a family of great antiquity, and was the son of that Ban of Croatia, who was

poisoned by Wallenstein in 1626. It has been said that his sword had been stained with Turkish blood before he was ten years old ; and that, in after times, crowds of Osmanlis rushed to see a hero, “the beautiful, tall, thin hero,” who had been so much the object of their dread. There is an address of Soliman to the Grand Vizier, in which he directs him not to desist from attack until he has captured Zrinyi, “the author of so much mischief.” Zrinyi fought and won many battles, but was killed by a wild boar on the 18th November, 1664. He had been covered with honours from many of the powers of Christendom, and was as distinguished for his learning as for his courage. He spoke six languages, and was a master of the literature of ancient and modern times. The first edition of his works appeared at Vienna, in 4to., in 1651.*

LISZTI, a man of considerable condition but of barren fancy, printed a long Epic, *Mohácsi veszedelem*, on the Mohács’ defeat. It is in six-lined stanzas, the lines of six and seven syllables following one another, and the whole effect intolerably monotonous. His Lyrics have not this defect. In 1659, on account of some charge made against him by the King’s Fiscal, he was tried by

* A'driai tengernek Syrenája, Grof Zrinyi Miklos.

the Diet, and lost his paternal possessions. This is the solitary fact preserved of his history.

The songs of BENICZKY, who lived in the beginning of the seventeenth century, are not without merit. His *Példabeszédek* (Proverbs) are excellent and condensed moral lessons. He was an *Eques auratus*, but complains in one of his poems of his defective education. Of his history little is known. His works have been several times reprinted, and are popular among the middle orders.

GYÖNGYÖSI deserves little praise except on account of his rhymes, which are generally perfect. He wrote with great facility ; but he could not relieve himself from the trammels of ancient mythology, and he has little that is natural or characteristic about him. He has passages of beauty, and advanced the cultivation of his native tongue; but his allegories are often inappropriate, and his sentimentality not very natural. Gyöngyösi is supposed to have been born in 1620, and from the early development of talent was called, as a page, to the Court of the Palatine in 1640. He sang the charms of the Palatiness, Countess Szécsi, as the Venus of Murány, so successfully, that she rewarded him with the village of Bábaluska. In 1681, he became a representative in the Diet,

obtained the favour of the then Palatine Eszterházy, and continued to hold different distinguished offices to the time of his death, having reached the age of eighty-four. His *Keményiad*, an epic poem, in four books and thirty cantos, was received with great enthusiasm, and his name was long one of the most honoured among Hungarian writers. In 1796, a complete edition of his works was published by Dugonics.*

KOHÁRI did the service, with Beniczy, of breaking down the monotony of the Zrinian quartet rhyme. He is a moralist, “dwelling among the tombs,” and bringing the shortness and the nothingness of life to bear constantly on his moralities. He was born in 1648. He was in military service, and suffered all the miseries of dungeons and chains and cold and thirst and hunger. Delivered from imprisonment, he was received with marked distinction; but soon after, being again engaged in war, his right arm was shot away by the Turks. Charles the Third advanced him to high office—and that of Oberstreichsrichter, and gave him the privilege of employing a silver stamp for his signature, which is often mentioned as the *Lamina Koharii*, in the Corpus

* Gyöngyösi Istvannak költeményes maradványai.

Juris of Hungary. His Lyrics he published under the Latin title of *Tintinabulum Tripudantium*. Some of his poems were translated into Latin by Sztrákos, and he himself wrote in Latin elegantly, as is evidenced by his *Chronographica Budæ composita* (1706), and *Antidota Melancholiæ* (1722). He spent the latest part of his life in his Castle of Csábrág, where he died in 1730, leaving a reputation for integrity, which has passed into a proverb.

We come now to an epoch of absolute barrenness.

The extinction of the Transylvanian Court was a serious blow to the Hungarian tongue; for its employment there made it the language of courtesy and of commerce. The constant attraction of Vienna drew away from the land of the Magyars those who might best have given encouragement to the idiom of their forefathers; and if they returned home, they returned with other tastes. Latin and German seemed gradually preponderating, and driving out the Magyar from the circle of civilization.

But a reaction at last occurred, and we discover a marked revival of Magyar literature. Intercourse with Germany, which at first was the bane, became afterwards the blessing, of Hungary;

and the writers who agitated Germany with a literary reformation, reflected back their influence upon the Magyars. And thenceforward, amidst some vicissitudes, a gradual progress may be traced to the present day; it is obvious the language has grown stronger and stronger by exercise, and its literature spread wider and wider by cultivation. Newspapers and literary journals in the Magyar tongue became active agents in its diffusion, and it slowly rose from that depression, that persecution rather, by which it had so long been visited.

RADAI, (PÁL,) who figures in history as the negociator of the peace of Shemnitz with Leopold the First, and the representative of Prince Rákóczi, who had been nominated by the French Court as the arbitrator between Peter the Great and Charles XII., and who struggled for the liberties of his fellow-Protestants with so much zeal and talent, published a volume of poetry, entitled *Lelki Hódolás*, (Spiritual Worship,) which has preserved its hold on the affections of the Hungarians.

AMADE was Paul Radai's contemporary, and was once deemed the first of Magyar Lyric Poets. His verses were learned by heart, and circulated in MS. over the land. A few have been printed by Kultsár, in his *Mulatságok*, (Amusements,

1827,) and others are in the progress of publication. They do not seem to possess any special value.

But FALUDI is the first poet on whose works it is possible to dwell with real satisfaction. He indeed awoke the Hungarian language, which was half-slumbering in his time. The Magyars speak of him as *the* Magyar poet. He caught the spirit of some of the Spanish poets, and has translated one at least of Gongora's romances. His *Tündérkert* (Enchanted Garden) is admirable. Few Lyrics flow more naturally and sweetly than his. They are music both to the eye and the ear. They are natural outpourings of a happy temper. One wishes the ancient mythology far away whenever it interrupts, as it frequently does, the current of his feelings. Faludi was a Jesuit, and spent some years at Rome. He taught Law afterwards in the Vienna Academy, translated Gracian, wrote a drama, and was made Librarian at Poson. He published a series of volumes on Manners, several of which were from translations from English. Révai collected his works into two volumes, which appeared at Győr (Raab) 1786-7. A second edition almost immediately followed. Faludi wrote Latin and French as well

as Magyar verses, and these also are to be found in his works.

GVADÁNYI is one of the few, the very few, comic poets of the Magyars. His account of the life, death, and journey to Tartarus, of a village notary,* is witty and amusing, though not always in good taste. In his adventures of Count Benyóvsky, and his Paul Rontó, which are the delight of the lower orders of the Hungarians, he is coarse and vulgar, and his composition is throughout careless and incorrect. He was born at Rudabánya in 1725, entered the army in his 19th year, made many campaigns, and underwent the discipline of wounds and imprisonment; became a general in 1773, and died at Skaliz in 1801.

BESSENYEI has been accused of supplanting a greater evil by a lesser one, instead of getting rid of both, when he drove out the Zrinian to introduce the Alexandrine measure. The charge appears to me well founded. The Alexandrine verse is one of the most monotonous of the

* It is in three parts :

Falusi notárius' Budai utazása (Presburg, 1790).

Falusi notárius' pokolba menetele (Basil, 1790).

Falusi notárius' elmélkedése, betegsége és halála (Poson, 1796).

forms of poetry, and is especially monotonous in the Magyar, which, with its many poetical capabilities, undoubtedly wants variety in its ryhmes. But Bessenyei was the representative of the French school, and it has been said of him, as of many of the French dramatists, that his Greeks and Romans are all disfigured Frenchmen. Bessenyei was the son of an obscure tavern-keeper at Berczel, and was born in 1740. He learnt a little Latin in the preliminary school, which he soon forgot, and in the course of time became a soldier in the Hungarian body-guards at Vienna. There he began again to study, mastered the French language, and was captivated by the French literature. He wrote several dramatic pieces, and an imitation of Pope's Essay on Man, *Az embernek próbája*. In the later part of his life he became almost wholly a prose writer, and published several philosophical works. His example served greatly to impede the project of the Emperor Joseph, whose determination to drive out the Hungarian by means of the German language, was rash and futile. Bessenyei died in 1811, an object of great affection and interest among the Hungarians.

ORCZY has much that is artificial. He was almost unknown as a poet, until Révai published

his works at Presburg in 1787-9. He was an officer in the service of Maria Theresa, and obtained many military honours.

BARCSAI was of the race of the Transylvanian Prince of his name, and was born at Piski in 1742. He, like so many other literary men of Hungary, took military service, in 1762. He became a Catholic in 1779, having been first known as a poet about two years before. Révai did for his writings the same service he rendered those of Orczy. The works of both were printed in one volume; and so striking is their resemblance that they seem the emanations of one single mind. They are for the most part epistles. In 1794, Barcsai retreated to his rural estates in Maros-Sólymos, and Csóra, which had been ravaged by the Wallachians about ten years before. In 1806, he was found mortally wounded, under a favourite apple-tree, which had been the device of his seal, with the inscription, '*Arnyékban zöldül* (Growing under its shadow). Count Haller wrote a funeral oration in French, which was afterwards translated into Hungarian by Kazinczy.

ÁNYOS was a follower of Bessenyei in the general form of his compositions, but their spirit is more decidedly Hungarian. There is a melancholy tone and tendency in his writings which are very harmonious, and portray

throughout the gentle and amiable man. He obtained early academical honours, and, encouraged by the writing of Bessenyei and Baróczi, and yet more by the personal influence of Barcsai, he became a decided votary of literature, which, amidst the high mountains and deep solitudes of the convent where he dwelt, (for Anyos was a monk,) he pursued with unwearyed exertions. But amidst his brethren of the convent he found no kindred spirit, and he left the cloisters of Felső-Elefánt for the gymnasium of Székes-Fejérvar, in 1782; but his health was broken, and he died, aged only twenty-eight, two years after his settlement there. He was gifted by nature with strong sensibilities and kindly affections. His works were collected by Baczanyi, and published at Vienna, in 1798.*

HORVÁTH (ÁDÁM) was the son of a Calvinist preacher, and was born in 1760. His mind had much versatility, and he devoted himself not to poetry alone, but to the study of philosophy, theology, mathematics, and history. His Lyrics first appeared in the *Magyar Musa*, a weekly periodical of Hungary. In 1787, he published an Epic Poem (*Hunnias*), of which John Hunyadi is

* Ányos Pál' munkájí. 8vo.

the hero, which had a brilliant but a short-enduring fame. His collection of Transdanubian Popular Songs, is interesting and valuable. His Plays are scarcely worth notice. He wrote with wonderful ease, sometimes producing a hundred strophes in a day. But to write fast and to write well are not the same thing ; and the offer which he once made to write a drama per week, is a poor credential for his reputation. He was rash in his judgments, though honest in his purposes ; condemned the literature of other countries, because he did not understand it ; and, like too many critics, imagined that censure and snarling were wisdom and wit. He began an Encyclopedia, which was a great desideratum for his country. Spite of his weaknesses, he was beloved and honored, and died in 1820, having obtained the office of District Judge and Curator of the Reformed Church.

DUGONICS lived at a period when the policy of the Austrian Emperor, in attempting to root out the national tongue of the Magyars, aroused a body of patriotic opposers. His national romances greatly aided the popular feeling—but his higher flights are all failures. He was born in 1740, at Szegedin, and was received as a priest among the Transylvanian Piarists. Dwelling amidst the

scenes, and dreaming of the events of ancient Dacia, his mind was soon wholly engaged in antiquarian studies. The first of his romances, which obtained distinguished attention, was his *Etelka*. (Poson, 1787.) He wrote many dramas, but they have little value, and several prose histories. The most valuable by far of all his productions is his *Magyar példa beszédek és jeles Mondások*, a very useful philological work. He wrote less for the highly cultivated than for the middling classes, among whom he labored with great effect. He was a man of fine presence and ready wit, and he died, after a happy old age, in 1818.

MOLNÁR had, in 1760, opposed the universal employment of hexameters, and introduced with much acceptableness many of the ancient measures. A classical school soon grew up. Its leaders were Baróti Szabó, the translator of Virgil, a man who was thoroughly imbued with the characteristics of the Augustan age, and who, by dint of labour, managed to give specimens of most of the ancient forms of verse ; Rájnis, not a great poet certainly, but an agreeable poetical painter ; and the third, Revai, an admirable translator, and a grammarian, whose writings on language have

been important auxiliaries to the Magyar student.*

BARÓTI was born at Barot in Transylvania, and was educated by the Jesuits at Trencsén. When the order was abolished he obtained a professorship at Kassa (Kaschau *Germ.*), having previously made those experiments on the Magyar prosody which proved that it might be easily and happily adapted to all the antique forms of poetry. These novelties led to much literary discussion, and the controversy gave him new encouragement to proceed in his classical career. He knew no language except Hungarian and Latin, and fighting his way with honour through many a philological controversy, he died, aged fourscore, amidst “labor,” but not amidst sorrow.

RÁJNIS was the son of a German, and born in 1741. Educated by the Jesuits, and thoroughly acquainted with the Greek language, he began, in early life, to write Hungarian verses in the classical measures. To this form of composition he continued devoted, and published, in 1781, at Győr, a collection entitled *Magyar Helikonra vezérlő kalaúz*, Guide to the Magyar Helicon. In

* Especially his Grammar.

this he insists on the peculiar adaptation of the Magyar to the ancient metrical standard, and gives his own verses as evidence. He also translated Virgil. A bitter controversy grew up between him and Bacsányi, which led to his *Apulejus tüköre*, Apuleius's Mirror. It is a very erudite work, but he desisted from any farther attack on his adversary when he learned that Bacsányi had been visited by misfortune. He wrote a free translation from Plautus, *Az Ikerek* (The Twins), in iambics, and died in 1812. His talents were considerable — his learning more so; but the scorn, bitterness, and self-esteem, which characterize his literary polemics, leave no favorable impression of his moral qualities.

Far more amiable is the portraiture of RÉVAI — one of the best poets of his day. He was born in 1749, and in the 16th year of his age obtained considerable notice by some admirable Latin translations. In 1778 he published a volume of Elegiac Poems.* In 1780, his oration on Maria Theresa's death obtained great popularity; and in 1784, he established his Magazine, *Hirmondó* (News-giver) at Poson. He endeavored, in 1784, to obtain the concurrence of Joseph the Second, in

* A' Magyar alagyáknak első könyvök.

the formation of a Literary Society, but failed in the attempt. In 1790, the Diet reintroduced the Hungarian language into the elementary public schools, and established Magyar chairs in the university academies. A number of small societies have since grown up, and each in its little circle has co-operated for the common object. It was only by assisting such minor associations that Révai and others could forward their patriotic designs in favour of the language of their nation. Révai published many Latin poems. Notwithstanding his broken health, he, on being called to the professorship of Hungarian Literature at Pest, devoted himself with unbounded and unbroken zeal to the topics of his chair. His large Hungarian Grammar appeared 1803-6. He died in 1807, leaving behind him many valuable philological MSS. and translations from the Greek, Latin, and German.

SZABÓ was a Transylvanian, who also belongs to the classical school. Some of his Epigrams are happy, and his works were deemed excellent for their classical correctness. He wrote on Magyar prosody, and a description of rural life. The criticisms of Kacinczy have diminished the number of Szabó's admirers.

RÁDAY (GÉDEON), the son of Pál, made some

farther experiments in rhyme by introducing many of the stanzas of the southern nations of Europe. He exerted an influence greater than that of his writings in furthering the cultivation of the Magyar language, and pointing out to the young inquirers around him the pathway of taste and talent. He thus led forward Kazinczy and Dayka, two of the most accomplished and industrious writers of their age. Ráday had been educated in the University of Germany. He founded the excellent library of Péczel, and died in 1792.

To BACSANYI's history an interest, political as well as poetical, attaches. He was born in 1763, at Tapolcza, and first obtained great notice from his valuable contributions to the Magyar Museum from 1788 to 1792. He treated in them of poetry, morals, and general literature. He began a translation of Ossian, which he has lately completed. But his opinions made him at an early period the object of mistrust, and being associated with other enthusiasts in what was called the jacobin conspiracy of the Abbé Martinovics, in 1794, he was conveyed as a state prisoner, first to Munkács, and afterwards to Rufstein. He obtained his release in 1798, and took up his abode at Vienna, where, in 1799, he married the

German poetess Gabriella Baumberg. Betrayed into hope by the superb display of Napoleon's power, and miscalculating the chances that the arms of the despot might serve the cause of liberty, he translated into Magyar, in 1809, the French emperor's appeal to the Hungarian people. When peace was restored, he hastened to Paris for security, where he found employment in a public printing-office. When the Austrians entered Paris, in 1814, they seized him as a state prisoner, and conveyed him home, whence, after another imprisonment, he was banished to Linz, where he still lives, struggling with misfortune. His literary influence would have been great could he have pursued his career, but it has been often interrupted and broken by cruel political visitations, which have flung him out of the sphere in which he was successfully labouring. In 1791 he published the poems of Anyos; in 1821 an address to the learned of his country, *A' Magyar Tudósokhoz*; in 1824 he reprinted Faludi's poems; his own works he is now engaged in watching through the press, but coming from the solitude of his retreat, it is only the voice of one crying in the desert "Prepare." Bacsanyi's sufferings were shared by SZENTJOBI SZABÓ (Lászlo), whose poetical merits were also of a very high order.

He was Bacsanyi's fellow-labourer in the Magyar Museum. His works were gathered together in 1791, and published under the title of *Költeményes Munkáji*, (Poetical Works); and on occasion of the coronation of Francis I. appeared his drama in three acts, *Mátyás Király vagy a' nép szeretete jámbor fejedelmek' jutalma* (King Matthew — a People's Love the Recompense of a good Prince. Buda, 1792). His lyrics want the polish of critical thought, but contain the germs of fine conceptions.

DAYKA was overpraised—as all poets are who die in their youth; sympathy for their early loss is a basis on which biography often builds up a false reputation. Dayka has, however, much merit, though he studied apparently in the artificial school of the French—a school growing out of a poor and unpoetical language, requiring a machinery of frigid rules of construction to elevate it above ordinary prose, from which, in fact, little French poetry is distinguishable, except by the *clinquant* of the rhyme. Correctness and elegance cannot be denied to Dayka, and his Anacreontic verses are airy and agreeable. He was the son of a laboring tailor, and his talents and good qualities having won the affections of two Cisterian monks of Eger, they gave him a gra-

tuitous education. His existence was disturbed by many annoyances, and he died in his twenty-eighth year, when it was believed he had purified and elevated his style. Kazinczy published his poems, (Pest, 1813,) and has devoted a preface to an interesting and touching account of a favorite and friend.

VERSEGHY's Prosody is a great improvement on that of most of his predecessors. He, too, has written a Grammar of the Magyar, which, though less profound and critical than Revai's, is a very useful work. His poetry has not much that is original, but he made the best use of the powers he possessed, and elaborated his productions into correctness. The place of his birth was Szolnok; of his education, Eger. He became a member of the religious order of the Paulists, and when it was suppressed he entered the army during the Turkish campaign. Ill health compelled him to abandon the military profession, and he became a frequent and a valuable contributor to the *Magyar Museum*. He wrote on Thorough Bass, being an excellent singer, and on many topics of history, theology, and ethics. But being involved in political discussions, he was proceeded against capitally, and his sentence commuted to a nine years' imprisonment, which ended in 1804. He pub-

lished two humorous satires in the same year. His works make up nearly forty volumes. He took an active part against the Reváyen school in defending what he deemed the purity of the Magyar tongue. He might have enriched it, instead of endeavouring to close the door upon foreign contributions, for he was the master of nine languages. Schedel says of him, “In his literary contests he had not acquired the art of yielding, was exceedingly irritable, and sometimes coarse. But in his domestic relations he was gentle, friendly, and generous, and in society amiable.”

Of the classical school, **VIRAG** is the most important auxiliary. He always writes in full possession of his subject—vigorous, clear, and strong. His odes might for their purity have belonged to the Augustan age. But they do not come home to us; they are the representatives of something remote and afar; they are of the past, unlinked to the present—cold as antique marble sculpture, and as motionless too. Virág was a regular priest of the Paulist order. In 1781, he was made Professor at the Gymnasium of Székes-Fejérvár, and in 1799 published his Odes, which obtained for him the name of the Magyar Horace. His Fables (Buda, 1819) are excellent. His prose works are many and good. Among them his Pragmatic

History of Hungary (*Magyar századok*, Buda, 1808—16) is entitled to distinction. Virág still lives at Buda, full of literary activity.

CsOKONAI has contributed to literature both good and evil things. He is often slovenly, sometimes coarse, sometimes exalted. His Dorrotya has much of fine wit and sharp satire in it, but is often degraded by low vulgarity. He was badly trained, and vibrated, as it were, from scholastic trammels into an unrestrained freedom of style. Writing always and about all things, he disappointed the expectations he had created. Schedel says he had in him all the elements of a popular lyric poet. In his wiser and happier vein he is charming. He helped, however, to redeem Hungarian poetry from the artificial coldness which had long frozen its genial spirit, and, with Kazinczi, Verseghy, and Dayka, to give it a genuine national character. Csokonai's birth-place was Debretzen. In his twentieth year he was chosen to fill the chair of Poetry, but was speedily dismissed on account of his irregularities. The following year (1796) he went to Poson (Presburg), where he published a poem on the then sitting Diet, which won him great praise. In 1797, he became enamored of the lady to whom many of his lyrics are addressed under the name of Lilla.

She refused her hand; and he, in his gloom, abandoned the Professorship which Count Festetics had given him at Csurgó. He lost his health, and died in his thirty-first year. His reading was considerable, and spread over many oriental as well as European tongues. His history is a melancholy one of flightiness and folly. He lived, his epitaph says, somewhat slanderously towards his art, *poetæ more*. After his disappointment he became indifferent to opinion, and produced a series of profligate writings, whose highest privilege will be—oblivion.

The present century dawned prosperously for Magyar literature. The first volume of ALEXANDER KISFALUDY's *Himfy* was published in 1801. No book was ever known to produce such an impression in Hungary as was awakened by this volume; nor was the success of the second part, which appeared in 1807, less than that of the first. He pursued his successful career with his Sagas (*Regék*) and his *Gyula*, winning “golden opinions,” and becoming alike the companion of the learned and the light-hearted. His *Himfy* is a series of short descriptive lyrics, the first part celebrating an unsuccessful, the second a happy, love. The main topic is, however, relieved by much beautiful philosophy and salutary moraliz-

ing. Between the 400 shorter *Dalok* or Songs, are introduced 28 Canzonets, somewhat in the Petrarchan style. There is throughout a masterly condensation of thought, without any embarrassment of language. Kazinczy called these productions the Epigrams of Love. They have many novel forms of expression, some uncommon words ; but they approve themselves constantly to the mind. His *Regék* are the very images of Hungarian life. In his Dramas, whether historical or domestic, he has been less successful ; the characters rather describe than develop themselves. Kisfaludy was born of an ancient Hungarian family at Sümeg ; educated at Győr (Raab) and Poson ; entered the army in his twentieth year ; fought the Italian campaign, and was taken prisoner by the French in 1796. Visiting Avignon, it seems as if the mantle of Petrarch had descended upon him, and that out of the fountain of Vaucluse he had drunk of the Italian Helicon. In 1800, he left military service and married the Lisa of his songs. They were published anonymously, and he was for a time “ the Great Unknown ” of Hungary. His later lyrics have been all welcomed with enthusiasm. In 1809, he enlisted among the Hungarian insurgents, and wrote a history of the campaign. His abode is at Sümeg,

where he was born, in a spot said to be one of romantic beauties.

KAZINCZY's active spirit has poured upon his country many streams of foreign literature. His prose is admirable. He had to fight a hard battle in favour of improvements which the Hungarian language demanded, in order to accommodate itself to an improved civilization. The man who introduces one really useful word or expression into his native language, is entitled to great applause. It has been by a series of benefactions of this sort that our English tongue has become what it is, and that it promises to go on gathering strength and riches with the progress of time. The foolish resistance to such melioration has left the French language in nakedness and poverty, unable to communicate a thousand shades of thought and feeling which find representatives in the greater opulence of other idioms. The prejudices of what is called *nationality*—a word the random use of which may to an unbounded extent impede good and encourage evil—are easily awakened; but Kázinczy has struggled successfully against them—and he has done well; for the author who gives to the mind any new instrument of power, who assists the development and the lucidness of ideas by finding appropriate

expressions for them, plants the best seeds of knowledge. Kázinczy aroused a strong opposition against him, as if he had polluted his mother tongue; but that good sense which at last triumphs over narrow prejudices, has recognized him as a well-doer. He has translated much, and from many languages. His parents were Calvinists, and he was born at Ér-Semlyen in 1759. He pursued his studies with great activity and success at Sárospatak, and in his eighteenth year had published a geographical work. In 1786, he was placed at the head of the national schools of the Kassa district, extending over nearly a fourth part of Hungary. His literary history is one of continued labor and successful exertion. With Baróti and Bacsányi, he produced the *Magyar Museum*, and in 1790 he himself established the *Orpheus*, a monthly literary periodical. When the ancient crown of Hungary was deposited at Buda in 1790, Kázinczy was deputed with the congratulations of the Abauj district. With this event the awakening enthusiasm of the Magyars was connected. Hungarian dramas were represented, Hungarian Anthologies printed, and the works of many a celebrated foreign poet first wore an Hungarian dress. The revival of Hungarian emotions was not agreeable to the court, and Ká-

zinczy, like many of his literary friends, became obnoxious, and was visited by state prosecution, whose sentence was commuted by the king into seven years' imprisonment. He left his jail in 1801, and married a Catholic lady, Sophia, the daughter of Count Török. On the breaking out of the war with France, he was one of the twelve Deputies chosen to organize the insurrection against the enemy; and in 1801, with Count Joseph Dezsőfi, was appointed to plan the monument to those who had fallen at Győr, which now ornaments Ujhely, in the neighbourhood of which Kázinczy dwells. A collection of his works on Belles Lettres, in nine volumes, has been published.* That part of his *Erdélyi Levelek* (Transylvanian Letters) which has been printed—the result of a journey through that country—is much valued. His name is, in a word, spread over the whole field of modern Magyar literature, and will be found as a contributor to every periodical of distinction which has appeared in his native country.

Kis has acted silently, but remarkably, on the literature of Hungary. It can hardly be said that he surprises his reader, but he affects and pleases

* Kázinczy 'Munkáji Szép Literatúra. Pest, 1814—16.

him. His is a philosophical temperament, and his style is clear and bright. He has published much original poetry and many translations. Nothing can be farther removed from affectation than his writings, and his verses especially flow like a stream down a gentle declivity. He was born of poor parents at Szent-András, in Soprony. His mother taught him to read, his father to write. When he entered the Soprony Gymnasium, a benevolent German Professor (Schwartner) took much notice of him, and greatly assisted the cultivation of his mind. In his twenty-first year, (1791,) accompanied by a school-fellow, he undertook a pedestrian tour through a great part of Hungary, for the purpose of making the personal acquaintance of the eminent writers of the time. He travelled into Germany, and followed the courses of some of the distinguished Professors of Göttingen and Jena; on his return to Hungary he was made a professor, and elevated to many distinguished offices in the career of education. He was one of the founders of the Magyar Society at Soprony for the cultivation of the poetical literature of Hungary. He obtained the prize which was offered in 1804, by an Hungarian patriot, for the best essay on the cultivation and extension of the Magyar tongue. In

1822, he was called to the ranks of nobility. He translated Lowth's Choice of Hercules from the English. His works are very numerous—sixty volumes at least, independently of many contributions to periodicals. They consist of versions from the classics, school-books, and ethics, and poetry on many topics.

Of BERZSENYI, opinions are various and sometimes contrary. He has been admired for his originality by some, and attacked for his servility by others. Döbrentei, however, says of him in a letter to me, "Berzsenyi is truly a national poet, fiery, glowing, soft, and exalted. His language the purest Hungarian." I have heard him compared to a lark soaring and singing in the heavens. The thoughts, and sometimes the phrases, of the Latin and German classics may be traced in some of his works. Nothing can be more natural than the flow of his strains, more awakened and awakening than his sensibilities, more lively than his imagination. The Hungarians call him their national bard, as a special distinction. His compositions are fervent and fiery, and so frequently breathe those warm and passionate appeals to the patriotic feelings of his countrymen which agitate their minds like an intellectual tempest. They

speak of Berzsenyi with a wild enthusiasm. He has fanned and flattered the strongest of the Magyar sensibilities—has sung the ancient glories of the Hunnish race—and, with deep pathos, has poured strains of plaintiveness over their present decay. Rumy says of him, that as a boy he was “non sine Dis animosus infans.” It has been objected to him that his style is sometimes inflated and degraded by provincialisms, but his severest critics are willing to allow that he has many distinguished merits. His place of birth was Hetye, and he became in early life the friend of Kis, and the correspondent of Kázinczy. In one of the assemblies of the different orders at Sümeg in 1812, Count Teleki presented our poet as the treasure of the Hungarian Parnassus. His works were published in three volumes by Helmeczy, in 1813. Berzsenyi was one of those who were sharply attacked by the *Mondolat*, a satire on the Neologists, as they were called, or the introducers of novelties. His present abode is Mikla.

HELMECZY has ventured far in introducing new words and new combinations of words, particularly in his translations from Schiller and Tasso, in the original measures. Perhaps he is not al-

ways happy in his experiments, but he has, at all events, added something to the riches of his native tongue.

SZEMERE's Sonnets are the best existing in the Hungarian.* He, too, has been a translator from other idioms, and has published a version of Körner's Zrinyi, a drama recommended to the Magyars by its connexion with their history. Szemere was of an ancient and noble family; his studies were pursued through many schools and colleges; in his twenty-third year he became an advocate, and about ten years after was made Vice Fiscal of Pest. He has written many philological papers, and taken an active part in the strife as to the improvements of the Magyar tongue. He published a collection of songs in 1812,† and has been actively engaged with Kölcsény in the editorship of Life and Literature, *Élet és Litteratúra*. His place of abode is usually either Péczel or Pest.

In 1782, SZASZ was born in Dédád-Széplak, and educated in the College of Maros-Vásárhely. Patronized by Count Teleki, he visited Vienna

* Töltényi has written, too, a great number of sonnets, but they are not very happily constructed. The sonnets of Bártfay are melodious.

† Dalok azoknak, a' kik szeretnek.

and Jena to be trained to the office of Librarian. After an absence of two years he returned, and died in his thirtieth year, in 1812. His friend Döbrentei published some of his poems in the *Erdélyi Museum*, with an affectionate and eulogistic notice (Pt. II. pp. 102—116).

DÖBRENTEI has translated several of Shakespeare's plays, and his Magyar Macbeth was represented at Poson during the sittings of the Diet in 1825. His epic *Kenyérmező Diadal*, Victory of Kenyermező, a sort of Ossianic composition, has been translated into German by Count Mailáth. There is a charming popular tone about some of his productions, while others give evidence of a high and cultivated taste. His origin is noble—his birth-place Hőgyész. His early productions obtained for him the favor of the Soprony Literary Society, whose transactions he edited in 1804. After travel in foreign lands, he became the preceptor of the young Count Gyulai, of Transylvania. He again left his country for Italy in 1814, and on his return established the *Erdélyi Museum* at Kolosvár, one of the most valuable contributions to Magyar literature. Men of every sect united to assist this interesting undertaking, and its pages will be found ornamented with the works of Catholics and Calvin-

ists, Lutherans, and Unitarians. Ever labouring for the advance of his country's literature, he laid the foundations of a society of Belles Lettres on an extended scale, which has been sanctioned and recommended by many of the authorities, but has not yet obtained the patronage of the King. In 1825, he was made commissary of the Buda district, and there is his place of abode. He is one of the most zealous, one of the most enlightened and fascinating of the Magyar writers. He is the author of the article in the Leipzig *Conversations Lexicon* on the literature of his country, and his name will be found associated with honourable titles to distinction and affection over the whole field of Magyar intelligence.

The *odium theologicum*, which may be translated malevolence in its worst shape, sometimes breaks very offensively through the writings of Hungarian divines. Yet I have heard from Döbrentei a story so honourable to all concerned, that I record it here with exceeding satisfaction. Döbrentei is a Protestant, and one who, to my knowledge, has made sacrifices to his religious convictions. In 1822, when he returned from Transylvania, he visited, in Tét, the well-known Catholic Priest, Horvát Endre, who lived in his *Pázmándi Magány*, (Pazmandian Solitude,) f

amidst the vineyards on the sides of the mountain, where the ancient Benedictine convent stands. There were present several Catholics, and among them Güzmics Izidor, a Benedictine monk, the translator of Theocritus into Magyar Hexameters, and Szalai Imre, the grammarian, now Professor at Pest. A little festival welcomed the poet. It was held in the open air, under a large apple-tree. Horvát rose, and thus addressed the party: “Friends, Döbrentei is here, the Editor of the Erdélyi Museum. I take you all to witness, that, in memory of this day, I name this noble apple-tree the *Gábor Fája*” (Gabriel’s Tree). The word was re-echoed by all the company, they filled their glasses with Hungarian wine, and baptized the Gábor Fája. Güzmics wrote a distich, which was suspended on the tree, which has been since an object of considerable attraction.

I owe much to Döbrentei, far more than my thanks can repay.

BUCZY is a native of Kolosvár—his poetry is of the classic character, which has grown out of his great devotion to the writers of Greece and Rome. He was professor of rhetoric at Nagy Szeben (Hermanstadt), but ill health compelled him to abandon his chair, and to retire for some years to

private life. On his recovery he was appointed to the professorship of moral philosophy at Károly-Fejérvár (Karlsburg), which occupies him at this hour. Most of his poems are contributions to the *Erdélyi Museum*.

TÓTH has more of erudition than of poetical genius, and his erudition is visible in the classical character of his writings. His father was a preacher of the Reformed Church at Kis-Tokaj, and the young Tóth made such progress in his early studies of Latin and Greek, as to excite the admiration of his teachers. In 1814 he came to Pest in order to fit himself for the practice of medicine. Two years afterwards he published his first volume of poems; and in 1818, his Greek verses with their Hungarian translations. They were favourably received and honorably noticed. In 1816 he joined the Catholic church; but he died of cholera, some have suspected of poison, in 1820. He was the first to introduce the Pindaric Ode into the Magyar literature. His unpublished writings were more numerous than his published ones, and great hopes were indulged of the services he might render by them to the healing art.

While the paper is yet wet which bears these translations from VITKOVICS, I receive the intel-

ligence that this interesting poet has ceased to be. He died on the 9th of September, 1829. He was a Servian by birth, and wrote his native and his adopted language with equal purity. His tones are easy, graceful, and airy; and he introduced into Hungary those strains of popular song which are so diffused among the Slavonian nations. Eger (Eylau) was his birth-place, and there was he educated. Having been chastised as a boy for the offence of verse-making, he clung to the art the more closely when he grew to be a man. Professor Pápay gave him the first instructions as to the composition of Magyar poetry. His Address to Horvát, and more especially his Fables and Poems, (*Meséji és versei*: Pest, 1817,) were welcomed with high praise. His writings are scattered over the fugitive Hungarian papers of the present century.

FAY is a sharp and sparkling writer, from whose pen mirth and laughter are constantly gushing forth. He was born in 1786, at Kohány, and was just that eager and sprightly youth who might be expected to become the lively and witty man. Having studied at Sárospatak and Poson, he became a judge in the Pest district, where he dwells. In 1807 he published a collection of his fables and poems (*Bokréta*), of which many were

written before he had reached his fifteenth year. Another collection, *Fris Bokréta* (Fresh Plumes), appeared in 1818; and a third, consisting of Fables and Aphorisms, in 1820. These are excellent,—they are humorous and wise. In 1824 appeared other Tales and a Prose Comedy, entitled *Kedvesapongások* (Pleasure Vibrations). Fay is one of the most popular of the Hungarian writers.

In 1814, HORVÁT Andreas published his *Zircz Emlékezete*—Remembrance of Zircz, in hexameters. The paucity of events is relieved by many philosophical musings, and the language and versification correct and easy. The date of Horvát's birth is 1778. In 1798 he entered the Cistercian order of Monks. In 1806 he was appointed to a Cure in Tét, his present abode. At the request of many of his admirers he undertook a National Epic—to celebrate the founder of the Hungarian Kingdom, Árpád, which is not yet completed, though he has published specimens in some of the periodicals, especially the Aurora, where also may be found many other productions of his pen.

The songs of SZENTMIKLÓSSY ALOYS are agreeable, and his Epigrams pointed. He was the son of a state councillor, who paid great attention to his education, and on the completion of his stu-

dies at Eger, in his twenty-sixth year, he was made an Assessor at Borsod. In his early writings he appears to have made Faludi and Ányos his models; but Kázinczy obtained afterwards great influence on his mind. The presence of a number of French officers, prisoners of war, at Eger, induced him to attend particularly to the literature of their country. Szentmiklóssy's writings have not, I believe, been collected into volumes, but are spread through the different periodicals of Hungary.

KÖLCSEY introduced the Ballad into the Hungarian literature.—His elegiac powers are great. His remarks on his contemporaries have been salutary, though sometimes severe. He was the Editor of *Élet és Litteratúra* (Life and Literature), a periodical of high reputation. His own writings are warm and vigorous. Born at Sző Demeter, in Transylvania, he studied at Debreczen, obtained honor as a classical scholar, and mastered the literature of France and Germany. In his nineteenth year he became a Jurat at Pest, and there formed that intimate alliance with Horvát, Vitkovics, and Szemere, which afterwards exercised so important an influence on Magyar criticism. His first productions appeared in the *Dámák' Kalendárioma* (Ladies' Calendar), and the

Transylvanian Museum. On a visit paid his friend Szemere, he wrote the attack on *Mondolat*, which was published without his cognizance in 1815. His criticisms on Csokonai, Kis, and Berzsenyi, won him many enemies, and made him the object of sharp censure. These criticisms appeared in the *Tudományos Gyűjtemény* (Literary Collection), and the intention of going over the whole course of Hungarian literature in the same spirit was abandoned. His critical productions are vigorous, eloquent, and useful. His translation of Homer, if it can be judged of by the specimens published, is very masterly. He inhabits Cséke (Schwäche). It is earnestly to be desired that his vigorous, original, and for the most part judicious, criticisms, should be continued.

Though so much of KISFALUDY's (KARÓLY) life was passed far away from Hungary, a more correct painter of Hungarian manners has never appeared. His Dramas are rich in fancy and remarkable for their truth and tact. He has far outstripped the expectations excited by his earlier productions. He has won for himself a dramatic, almost equal to his brother's lyric, fame. In 1819 and 1820 his productions first appeared on the stage, and followed one another

with great rapidity, each being welcomed with new enthusiasm. He has taken his materials, for the most part, from the interesting events of Magyar history, and has presented admirable pictures in which truth has furnished all their bright lights and dark shadows. He deserves a more special attention, and a more careful and detailed criticism, than can be found room for here; but on some future occasion, I hope, with the co-operation of a valuable friend, to introduce some of his admirable works in their entirety to English readers. His *Aurora* cannot be mentioned without praise. For some years it has been the receptacle of the gems of modern Magyar poetry. It was here that Kölcsey first became known.

Charles Kisfaludy is the younger brother of Alexander, and was born at Tét, on the 19th of March, 1790. In his fifteenth year he entered the army,—was engaged in the campaign of Italy in 1805, and that of Germany in 1809. It is said that when he left his paternal home he had never seen any other poetry than his brother's *Himfy*. This, however, sufficed to enkindle the embers of his imagination, and in Italy he wrote many poems, which have seen the light at different times, and in various ways. The first of his

Dramas acted was the Tartars (*Tatárok*). It produced such a tempest of applause, that (says Schedel) "the poet could hardly save himself from the rush of young people, who, with loud shouts of joy, insisted on producing him on the stage." It was again and again represented with boisterous applause. His second play, *Zács*, was prohibited,—his third, *Ilka*, was scarcely less fortunate than the first. In the following year he wrote his *Stibor*, a Drama, in four acts,—and, on a notice of only ten days, his *Szécsi*,—and, in a yet less period, *Kemény Simon*. A number of dramatic pieces followed these, and in 1820, he published an Apotheosis of Pannonics. His intimacy with Helmeczy led him to a more thoroughly philosophical examination of the character of the Hungarian language, and to project the establishment of a school of art, for the furtherance of a pure poetical taste. The *Aurora* dawned out of this conception, and it is sprinkled over with various works, in almost every class of composition. In many of these Kisfaludy adopted pseudonyms, some of which became almost as famous as his own.

BAJZA's poetry has a melancholy expression about it, and does not always appear to wear a *natural* garb of gloom. Szűcsi was his birth-

place; his parents were noble; and in the seventh year of his age (in 1811), he was sent to study at Gyöngyös; from thence he went to Pest, and afterwards to Poson. In 1825, he was chosen Secretary to the representatives to the diet of the Heves district, and remained two years in the capital. His writings are principally in the Aurora; one of them, a *Borének*, or Wine Song, was enthusiastically admired.

CZUCZOR's *Augsburgi ütközet*, (Battle of Augsburg, A. D. 910,) is an epic in four cantos. The subject is too remote, and too little assisted by historical facts, to excite much interest. It is an energetic composition, but swelling at times into an almost bombastic grandiosity. His *Aradi gyűlés* (Diet of Arad, A. D. 1136,) in five cantos, is happier in every respect. The actors are fine and veracious portraits, the events both touching and important. Less varied, less romantic than Vörösmárty, he has more simplicity and unity in his story, and more of individuality in his actors. He was born at Andód in 1800, became a Benedictine in 1817; the following year he attended a course of philosophy at Győr. In 1824, he became Latin Professor, and, in 1826, Professor of Rhetoric there, and he still fills the chair.

VÖRÖSMARTY entered on dangerous ground when he determined to try his fortune as an epic poet. He had several living rivals ; among them Czuczor and Horvát, who had published some specimens of his Árpád. But Vörösmarty was not a man of an every-day stamp. His rich and powerful fancy has always been sufficient to his highest intellectual conceptions. Not that he has formed on all occasions a correct estimate of his own powers. His mind is not fitted for dramatic groupings. He is a master of description, not of action. No fault can be found with the poetry of his dramas ; but unless the doings of the stage are as interesting as the sayings, there is no redemption for the work. Vörösmarty's dramas are failures. As an epic poet, however, Vörösmarty is really great.* Schedel speaks of the inexhaustible opulence of Vörösmarty's imagination, the infinite versatility of its creations, the marvellously varied shades of thought and feeling for which he has found expression, and especially of the felicitous sketches and personifications of woman which decorate his pages. His Hexameters are beautiful, and truly national. In

* Székely had published a short Transylvanian Epic in 1823, *The Seklers*, and soon afterwards *Mohacs*.

the field of poetry, it is of these epics that the Hungarians feel most proud, and desire that these should be deemed the representatives of their poetical cultivation.

Vörösmarty (Mihály) was born on the 1st of December, 1800, at Nyék, of noble Catholic parents. In 1816, he was a student at Pest. In this year his father died, and he undertook the office of tutor, which he filled for nine years. In 1824, he became an Advocate, and has ever since that period made Pest his place of abode, studying the writings and benefiting by intercourse with the distinguished men of his time. He visited Transylvania with his pupil in 1820-3, and there began to study Shakspeare, his mind growing stronger and stronger by the communion with noble spirits of other ages. He wrote several dramas, but did not receive the applause which was to welcome his productions till his *Zalán* appeared in 1825, which was received with marks of uncommon delight. On Kisfaludy's recommendation, he engaged in celebrating the conquest of King Salomon over the Kumanians—a popular and successful enterprise. Other pieces followed, both historical and critical; and invested now with the Editorship of the *Tudomá-*

nyos Gyűjtémeny, he is one of the most influential, as undoubtedly one of the most distinguished, of the literary men of his country.

The lyrics of SZENVEY are more remarkable for their form, than their correctness of language. He is a preceptor at Maglod, and was born in 1798. The greater part of his manhood was passed in the neighbourhood of Visegrád, “the paradise of Hungary, in the midst of those ruins which make the memory of the past so beautiful, living a life of enthusiasm and of song.”* He has written seven tragedies, and many ballads.

I have thus gone through the list of those Magyar authors who seem more particularly entitled to notice. I trust in this good work I am the forerunner of wiser and more successful men.

That the Magyar language and literature will receive greater attention from foreigners, and that the interest excited elsewhere will act upon the better and brighter part of Hungarian ambition is certain. I see without jealousy the ardent national feeling of the Magyars, and feel that a nationality founded upon knowledge, and representing a spirit of freedom and independence, is itself a virtue, and the parent of many virtues.

* Schedel.

And witnessing the anxiety and the interest which these imperfect labors of mine have awakened among the Magyars, I could not but derive encouragement to continue them. They who have patronized the daring, as well as they who have experienced the difficulties, will find indulgence for me.

It may be deemed that originality is wanting in these compositions. But it should not be forgotten that something of originality is lost by the transfusion of any thought into a different idiom; that an English verse of necessity becomes in some degree English. There are other causes, too, which act upon Magyar literature.

A people so closely connected with Austria as are the inhabitants of Hungary, and whose learned men almost without exception speak and write the German tongue, do undoubtedly, though sometimes almost imperceptibly, adopt the character of a literature with which they are so familiar. This familiarity, if it sometimes trench on their nationality, does at the same time keep a high standard ever present to their minds, and leads to comparisons and contrasts which are on the whole favorable to the exercise of the intellectual powers. A German critic* has denied to

* See Wiener Zahrbücher for 1829, No. xlvi.

the Magyars a poetical temperament. He says the national tone is noble, generous, gallant, susceptible, good-natured, loving, easily won, sharp-witted, and imaginative. Now, are not these elements enough for the creation of poets and poetry? And how can a nation be deemed unpoetical which can offer to the world such a roll of poets as Hungary presents?

Of the popular poetry of the Magyars, little can be referred to a high antiquity. A fragment of an ancient poem is still sung by Hungarian children, thus :

Lengyel László jó királyunk
Az is nekünk ellenségünk.*

Nothing, however, but these two lines remain. The martial songs of their warlike ancestors have not been saved out of the oblivion of old time. Of the historical songs none are earlier than those of the wars of the last Hungarian revolution. Of the oral stories (*Mesék* or *Regék*) of the Magyars, I shall translate Mailath's interesting description :

“The Magyar story-tellers are one of the many evidences of the oriental origin of the people. Like the Night-fablers of Arabia, they go on by

* Laszló the Pole—the good king—he
He also is our enemy.

the hour—aye; by the night long—without wearying their hearers. These are for the most part to be found among soldiers and peasants. The stories which in other lands are preserved only in work-rooms and nurseries to our days, are narrated in Hungary in the porch, by watch and shepherd fires, and amidst the night labors of the field. The character of the Magyar tale is wholly unlike that of southern lands. The hero is generally a student, a soldier, or a king's son; his companion, a magic horse called Tatós, who is his counsellor and saviour. His enemy is often a dragon with six, nine, or twelve heads, and the hero must undergo three ordeals; and this number is the ruling one throughout the story. There is a sharpness and oddity about the conception, and an original development of the plot. The scenery, and the deeds of the principal actors, shew that the stories emanate from a people who lived in elevated places. The narrator sometimes unites two or three stories in one—sometimes divides one into many—elaborates or changes it according to his own caprice or the demands of his audience.—It has happened that many tales of foreign origin have been introduced, which have been all nationalized by time. I remember to have heard a celebrated story-telling woman in

the Abaujvár district, narrate one of Gozzi's best tales ; and the well-known and foreign ' Swan Maiden ' is current all over Hungary. The national may be immediately distinguished from the exotic." *

Of the Lyrics of the nation, the collection I have translated will serve to give a fair idea. To advocate their merits as literary compositions is no part of my task. I have given nearly the whole that have reached me, in order to shew what *are* the Songs of the Magyar people. Hungarian towns and villages, and rivers and plains, and hills and valleys, have been painted and described by many. Here are some of the thoughts of those who dwell there. The dresses of Hungary and Transylvania decorate many books, and are the subject of many pictures. Here are some of the adornings of the inward man—here is something of the costume of mind.

The Ecclesiastical History of a country is undoubtedly closely connected with its Literature ; but I have been compelled to avoid entering on so wide and interesting a field. Those who wish to study this part of the subject may consult

Bartholomaedes Comentario de Bohemis Kis-Henthensibus.—
Edit. 2. Poson, 1796, 4to.

* Magyarische Sagen und Mährchen. Brunn, 1825.

- Historia Diplomatica de statu Religionis Evangel: in Hungaria. 1710, fol.
- Lampe (Paul Ember) Historia Ecclesiæ Reformatæ in Hungaria et Transylvania. Poolsum, 1728, 4to.
- Memorabilia Augustanæ Confessionis in Hungaria. Ed. Joan. Roboni. Poson, 1792. (An admirable book.)
- Novi ecclesiastici et scholastici Annales Evangelicorum Aug. et Hel. Conf. in Ditionibus Domus Aust. Herid. Ed. Sam. Ambrosius Shemnicii, 1793, 4to.
- Protestans Ekklesiak Historiája Magyar és Erdély Országbaun. Készítette s' kiadta. Tóth Ferentz, 8 Komáron, 1808.
- J. S. Klein's Nachrichten von den Lebensumständen evangelischer Predeger in Ungaria. 3 vols. Leipzig, 1789.
- Kurze Geschichte der Evangelischen Lutherischen Kirche in Ungarn von Anfang der Reformation bis auf Leopold II. Göttingen, 1794.
- And the historians of Hungary, such as Von Engel, Fessler, Katona (40 volumes), Budai, Palma, and others.

SCHEDEL (under the name of Toldy Ferencz) has done acceptable service to the Magyar literature by his well-selected Anthology, *Handbuch der Ungrischen Poesie*,* which is in itself a little, agreeable Magyar library of poetry. His coadjutor in this excellent labor is George Stettner, who adopts the pseudonyme of Fényéry Julius. It contains not only a series of well-selected specimens, but the most important facts in the biography of the principal poets of Hungary. On this I have ventured to draw largely. It has fur-

* In two volumes 8vo. Pest and Vienna, 1828.

nished me with the greater part of my materials. And scarcely less am I indebted to Count Mai-lath's *Magyarische Gedichte*.* Without the assistance of these valuable writers I could not have effected a labor, of whose incompleteness and imperfections no individual can be more sensible than myself. But to do *something*, though feebly and unsatisfactorily, where *nothing* has been done before—to bring some mementos, though few and small, from an undescribed country—to introduce a little knowledge, in the place of much ignorance —may haply be a not unworthy service. Criticism will estimate the difficulties which surround “the stranger in a strange land,” and will deal out an indulgent award.

* In one volume 12mo. Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1825.

CSÁTI DEMETER.

DATE UNCERTAIN.

Ex ungue leonem.

CONQUEST OF THE MAGYAR LAND.

Emlekezzünk régiekről,
 A' Szitlyából kijöttekről
 Magyaroknak eleikről,
 'Es azoknak vitézségekről.*

REMEMBER we our sires of old,
 Their flight from the Scythian land ;
 The patriarchs of the Magyars,
 And the valor of their band !

Forth from the Scythian land they came,
 This better land to see ;
 By *Isten* † led, they onwards sped
 Adown to *Erdely*.‡

* Respecting the date of this poem there are many different opinions. Révai quotes it as one of the national ballads sung at the public festivals of the Magyars, attributing it to the twelfth century as its earliest date ; but it is generally supposed to be a composition of the fourteenth century. The three last stanzas were first published by Schedel in his collection. The rhymes are very irregular, and some of the verses not very intelligible ; but there is much historical interest in the production, which Gruber has translated into German.

† Isten, God.

‡ Transylvania.

And glorious were their doings then :
Seven bands composed the host ;
Seven valiant chieftains led the men,
And each a *Var* * could boast.

In their communion all was union,
And valor in the fray ;
No thought of fear was ever there,
But safety kept the sway.

They conquered long—like Samson strong,
All foemen they subdued ;
With lion-hearts o'erwhelming all—
A fearful multitude.

Of all the band, the Magyars' pride
Was the renowned Arpād ;
He was the highest, noblest chief,
And greatest riches had.

And soon they found, while wandering round,
The Duna's † waters clear ;
In beauteous road those waters flow'd—
No clearer waters were.

They hurried then a messenger,
The Duna's stream to track ;
And, did its name deserve its fame,
The borders to attack.

* Var, a castle, a fortified elevation—a word which is found in many oriental tongues.

† The Danube.

The messenger pursued the stream,
 The banks, the fields, the flood ;
 He drank of Duna's water there,
 And swore that it was good.

A *Lengyel** Lord was ruler then,
 Of all the land the Lord ;
 Veszprem his court—but over all
 Was spread a *Nemet*† horde.

The messenger to Veszprem came,
 The Polish Count to see ;
 And bow'd his head in reverence,
 And thus spoke cunningly :

“ I came to see thy land and thee,
 And, *Herczeg*,‡ this the cause
 That I resort to Veszprem's court :—
 To learn thy people's laws.”

This pleased the Count, and nobly he
 The Magyar entertain'd ;
 And much he saw of Lord and law,
 And much instruction gain'd.

An empty flask he dar'd to ask,
 Where Duna's waters pass ;
 The flask he filled, some earth he took,
 And pluck'd a little grass.

* A Pole.

† German.

‡ Duke.

And hastened back to Erdely,
And sought the chief, Arpād ;
And much joyed he, the things to see,
The faithful Magyar had.

He called together all the chiefs,
He shewed the water clear,
The bit of earth, the blades of grass,
And held a council there.

And then decreed, a snow-white steed
The Magyar should convey ;
With golden bit, and saddle rich,
And thus be charged to say :

“ The men who out of Scythia came,
Have sent this steed to thee ;
And from thy grace, they ask a place
To settle quietly.”

The Count saw nought of what was thought
By those the steed who sent ;
And for the love of snow-white steed,
His land was from him rent.

“ Go, messenger,” he said ; “ declare”—
His folly went so far—
“ I give whatever lands they ask,
To the brave Magyār.”

The messengers delighted heard ;
 Their bosoms fill'd with glee,
 They said, “ Farewell !” and went to tell
 Their tale in Erdely.

They made a call on heroes all,
 And straight a council held ;
 And summoned every man to meet
 The Herczeg in the field.

And thrice on Isten’s name they called,
 The *Deus* of their prayer ;
 And then the Godhead’s title gave
 To Szamos’ city there.*

And yet we recollect the day,
 And in all bargains we
 Still loudly “ Deus ! Deus !” say,
 In that time’s memory.

And when the bands were ready all,
 They order’d heralds three ;
 The Polish Lord, with this bold word,
 To visit speedily :

* Istent ōk ott imádáuak
 Háromszor Deust kiáltának ;
 Arról neveztek ott a’ várost,
 Szamos’ mentében, a’ nemes Deusnek.

“ Remember, Herczeg ! what thou dost—
 To leave the land prepare ;
 Which thou hast sold to Magyars bold—
 The Magyars hasten here.”

The heralds sought the Polish Count,
 And bent them low and meek ;
 Yet free from fright, they spoke outright,
 As Arpād bade them speak.

“ For snow-white steed thou gav’st the land ;
 For golden bit, the grass ;
 For the rich saddle, Duna’s stream—
 Now bring the deed to pass.”

The Herczeg laugh’d at first, nor cared
 For what the heralds brought ;
 But soon his rage o’ercame his mirth,
 And thus he spoke his thought :

“ ’Twere better to have slain the steed,
 Than sport such dangerous wit ;
 The saddle hide ’neath Duna’s stream—
 Beneath the grass, the bit.”

The heralds to the Herczeg said,
 “ Your Highness need not storm ;
 The bargain made with Magyar men,
 Your Highness must perform.

“ We give not milk-white steed to hounds,
To fish, no saddles gay ;
To reapers give no golden bits—
We know not what they’d say.”

And so the heralds hasten back ;
While, fill’d with dread alarms,
Retreating wide to Duna’s side,
The Count his army arms.

At Kelemfold, Arpād the bold
O’er Duna’s waters goes ;
At Cseke’s land his forces mann’d—
In Tetem were the foes.

The Magyar throng in Érd was strong,
And on Szászhalom’s plain :
In those proud wars, the Magyars,
By God upheld, their foemen quell’d,
And mighty was their gain.

His brave-ones dead, the Herczeg fled—
Alone he fled—alone :
The Magyar ranks reach’d Duna’s banks—
The Polish Count was gone.

Alone he ran, poor flying man !
What could he do but leap—
To save himself in Duna’s stream,
And hide him in the deep ?

Arpād look'd round with joy to see
 His conquests fair and far ;
 And more while from a mountain's top
 He look'd on Fejervár.*

The kingdom thus was won by us,
 And *Magyar-orszag* † hight ;
 From Nemet men we won it then,
 And still 'tis ours by right.

[Several stanzas are wanting here. It concludes thus :]

Of those who gain'd the Magyar land,
 A chief as bold as any,
 Was Buda, who when Arpād died,
 Was Magyar's *Kapitany*.‡

He rear'd his throne by Duna's banks,
 Near Pesth along the hill ;
 And Buda's city, fair and rich,
 Preserves his memory still.

* Székes Fejérvár, literally chair of the white castle. Teut.
 Stuhlweissenburg.

† Magyar-orszag, Hungary—i e. the land of the Magyars.

‡ Chieftain.

(10)

ANONYMOUS.

A. D. 1571.

Jól teszed barátom, ha megházasodol.

KISFALUDY K.

BALLAD OF THE EMPEROR'S DAUGHTER; OR
THE HISTORY OF MICHAEL SZILAGYI AND
LADISLAUS HAJMASI.

I HAVE an interesting tale to tell you,
Such as you never heard. List ! for 'twill charm you ;
'Tis of the Turkish Emperor's lovely daughter.

Two youthful heroes were of old made prisoners,
Sent to Constantinople to the Emperor,
And by the Turkish Emperor flung in prison.

The prison was adjacent to the palace ;
The heroes' names were, Szilagy Mihály
The one—Hajmási Laszlo was the other.

Szilagy, looking through the prison trellise,
('Twas Whitsun day,) play'd an harmonious ditty
On his guitar—'twas sweet, yet melancholy :

And spake, 'midst deepest sighs—"With father, mother,
And with mine own dear sister, this day twelvemonth,
This very day, I was so very happy!"

The Emperor's daughter, standing near the window,
Heard him—look'd in—and soon was moved to pity ;
Besides, Szilagyi's form had pleased the maiden.

And suddenly she sought the prison's portal,
And pour'd sweet comfort on Szilagyi's bosom,
And gently, sweetly, held this flattering language :

“ Young hero ! if upon thy knightly honor
Thou swear to bring me to the Magyar country,
And swear too (should I prosper) to espouse me—

“ I shall be satisfied—and I will free thee ;
Yes ! I will free thee from thy prison's darkness :
So swear me by thy faith and by thine honor !”

And soon Szilagyi answered—“ Free me, maiden !
And I will wed thee—by my faith and honor
I swear to wed thee, thou imperial daughter !”

And so the maiden won the prison keeper ;—
Aroused at midnight both the sleeping heroes,
And led them forth to the imperial stables :

Gave each a sharpen'd sword in golden scabbard ;
They kill'd the stable-keepers and attendants,
And the three fleetest horses swiftly saddled.

The morning brought the tidings to the Emperor—
The prisoners were out-broken from the prison—
The boys, the keepers of the stables, murder'd.

They stopp'd the heroes at the gate of customs,
 Ask'd them where speeding. “ Out to Nagy-Szombat,*
 Among the wolves—with Isten's holy favor.”†

Five of his choicest chiefs the Emperor summon'd,
 And thus commanded them : “ Pursue the flying—
 Capture them—and produce them in my presence.”

And the five chieftains hasten'd to the borders,
 Bidding the guards arrest the flying heroes,
 And bear them swiftly to the Emperor's presence.

They fell upon the heroes at the border—
 Strove to arrest them—but they fought so bravely,
 They forced their way, and passed in safety onward.

The chieftains heard it, and pursued the flying—
 O'ertook them—and there was a bloody combat :
 The chieftains fell—it was the will of Isten !

The heroes sent the maid for her protection,
 What time the battle lasted, to an island,
 An island not remote. The battle ended,

The heroes sought again the hidden maiden,
 And then Szilagy heard a voice of wailing—
 Szilagy saw the maiden sorely troubled.

* Tyman (Germanicè).

† The meaning (says Schedel) is, “ We go to Tyman to join the Turkish troops, who are terrible to the enemy (the Hungarians) as wolves to sheep.”

Uttering despairing tones of lamentation,
 “ Merciful Isten ! I have left my dwelling :
 What will besal me in this dreary desert ?

“ O miserable fortune ! But my fortune
 Is far less grievous than those youthful heroes’,
 Who fell beneath the sword-strokes of the foeman.

“ For them, I’ll haste to death—for them, I’ll make me
 A burial-bed upon the gloomy desert :
 God ! let the wolves and wild fowl be my mourners.

“ Into God’s hand I now my soul deliver.”
 Szilagyi hasten’d thither—and the maiden
 Smiled joyous while he led her forth. They journey’d

Towards the Magyar land ; they reach’d the borders ;
 And then Hajmási said to his companion,
 “ Let’s strive who shall possess the lovely maiden.”

But swift Szilagyи turn’d upon Hajmási :
 “ Nay, at thy peril ; thou art wed already
 To a fair bride : I’m pledged unto the maiden.”

Then cried the imperial daughter to the heroes,
 “ Nay ! not for me shall hero blood be wasted :
 Fling me upon the sword—not your own bosoms.” *

* “ Hányatok inkább engem szablyára, mint ezt míveljétek.”
 This is an Hungarian idiom for “ Kill me, not yourselves.”

Hajmási still persisted, and their weapons,
Unsheathed, were swiftly drawn upon each other ;
And sorely, sorely was Hajmási wounded.

Then spoke the wounded man to his companion,
“ Forgive me, friend ! for I am well rewarded :
Well recompensed is he who breaks his duty.

“ I had a gentle wife and two fair children—
The thought o'erwhelms me—I am justly punish'd :
Brother in arms ! farewell—and O forgive me !”

So each bestow'd on each a friendly greeting ;
Szilagyi took the maiden to his dwelling,
And made a bride of that imperial maiden.

[This Ballad has been just published by Schedel. He has done me the honor of dedicating the volume which contains it, to me, in terms far too flattering for any deserts of mine. There is a concluding stanza which says that the Ballad was taken from an old History, and written in 1571. Schedel thinks it not improbable that the Michael Szilagyi of the Poem was afterwards the Governor of Hungary, and the uncle of the famous Matthias. The character of the Ballad in form and manner remarkably resembles the narrative poetry of the Slavonian nations]

ZRINYI MIKLOS.

BORN 1616—DIED 1665.

Sors bona—nihil aliud.

ZRINYI'S *Motto*.

SONG OF THE TURKISH YOUTH.

Miért panaszkodjam, Szerencse, ellened,
Ha bővied minden nap én örömemet?

O FORTUNE! I fling no reproaches at thee,
For thou hast been gentle and gen'rous to me;
And ne'er would I echo the slanders unkind,
Which call thee unjust, or vindictive, or blind.

Thou look'st on my love with no menacing air,
But wouldest help me to win while I worship the fair;
And while joy piled on joy flings delight on my days,
Let thine be the glory, and thine be the praise.

The first vernal song, and the first vernal leaf,
And Nature's sweet childhood—so beauteous and brief;
And the nightingale's strain—and the rivulet's fall—
And the light breeze—are thine—music, beauty, and all.

And the summer, when cypresses shade me from heat,
And the zephyrs come freshen'd, to kiss my retreat;
Where the tent is above, and the wine-cup goes round,
And the flowers smile below—thou, O Fortune! art found.

From autumn's rich harvest thou hasten'st to pour
Pomegranates and citrons—a limitless store;
Or leadst to the chace, when I follow the prey—
The bird in its flight, or wild beast on its way.

When winter comes on, with its loud-rolling storms,
And the snow and the ice in their marvellous forms,
Am I wretched ? O no ! I hang over my fire,
And have more than I want—aye ! and all I desire.

I have honour and fame, full enough for my lot ;
And my gettings still add to the treasures I've got :
My horse is my glory—my sabre is true—
And O, my sweet maid ! thou art faithfulness too.

O Fortune ! thou wearest my fetters—art bound
In my bonds—and I look without terror around :
No evil will chance me—I feel that the chain
But binds thee more firmly to bless me again.

[This Song is from the Third Book of the Zrnyiad, verses 32
—39.]

FALUDI FERENCZ.

BORN 1704—DIED 1779.

Die Sprache ist das Palladium eines Volks.

SPALDING.

THE GAY-PLUMED BIRD.

Egy kis tarka madár víg kedvében.

THOU gay-plumed bird, whose never-bridled flight
O'er field, o'er forest, is one long delight ;
Were I a gay-plumed bird, how blest 'twould be
Thy songs to sing, to fly, to rest with thee,
Thou gay-plumed bird !

Thou gay-plumed bird, thou canst no longer sing !
Thou art imprisoned by the fowler's spring ;
Were I a gay-plumed bird, I would not go
Sporting with such delusive treacheries. No !
Thou gay-plumed bird !

Thou gay-plumed bird, though liberty is gone,
Yet kindness waits thy every want upon ;
Were I a gay-plumed bird, I still should long
For the free heaven and the wild woodland song,
Thou gay-plumed bird !

Thou gay-plumed bird, thy golden chain to me
Were but a decorated misery !
Were I a gay-plumed bird, I would not fill
Thy gaudy prison, were it gaudier still,
Thou gay-plumed bird !

Thou gay-plumed bird, they bring thee sugar'd meat,
Use flattering words, caressing while they cheat ;
Were I a gay-plumed bird, that sweetened waste
Were worse than very poison to my taste,
Thou gay-plumed bird !

Thou luckless bird ! Alas ! and thou hast lost
That plumage, once thy brightness and thy boast !
Were I a gay-plumed bird, I could not dwell
A prisoner in thy solitary cell,
Thou gay-plumed bird !

DANGERS OF LOVE.

Nem leszek többe szerelmes.

To Love no more my vows I'll bring,
 For Love is such a dangerous thing ;
 There's poison hid in every dart,
 And canker-worms in every heart,
 Where Love doth dwell.

I know the little treacherous boy—
 Have fought beneath his flag with joy,
 Which brought deep grief: I've worn his chain,
 And wasted many months of pain,
 In his dark cell.

For she who loves bears doom of woe ;
 Let her not trust the traitor's bow
 Which *I* have trusted, just to be
 Pierced through and through with misery,
 With misery.

O forest trees ! so tall that are ;
 O dovelet mine ! that flies so far ;
 Would I could fell that giant grove !
 Would I could reach that flitting dove ! *
 It may not be !

* Ha azt az erdőt le vághatnám
 Galambomat meg láthatnám.

Vagni, to hew, to fell—*vaghatni*, to be able to hew. *Latni*, to see—*lathatni*, to be able to see.

How idle on a rush to lean,
Though waving bright its stem of green !
For when the noisy tempest wakes,
How soon it bends ! how trembling shakes !
And bows its head.

I leaned upon a treacherous rush ;—
He turn'd away, without a blush,
To other maids : but I was young—
Truth in my spirit, on my tongue,
Without parade.

O smitten by high Heaven be he
Who gives his love to two, to three !
I love but one—and if he fail me,
O how could other love avail me !
Me—hapless maid !

THE FALSE MAID.

Uri nemzet eredete
Deli, jeles, ép termetc.

SHE is born of noble stem,
Fairer than the fairest gem
Which upon her robe doth shine,
Graceful, beautiful, divine.

What avails it all to me ?
She is false as false can be !

She has eyes like damsons black,
Shining like the comet's track ;
Mouth of witchery—lightning glance—
Heaven is in her countenance.

What avails it all to me ?
She is false as false can be !

Neck of alabaster, lips
Crimson roses to eclipse,
Chin of marble's smoothest glow,
Shoulders piled of purest snow.

What avails it all to me ?
She is false as false can be !

Fair when distant, fair when near,
Fair her smile, and fair her tear ;
Fair when bending, fair erect—
Unadorn'd, or gem-bedeck'd.

What avails it all to me ?
She is false as false can be !

She has wit, and song, and sense—
Mirth and sport and eloquence ;
She has smiles of ecstacy—
Grace and beauty's treasury.

What avails it all to me ?
She is false as false can be !

I have been on Pindus hill,
I have heard her music fill—
Fill with glory heaven and earth—
Ne'er such glorious songs had birth.

What avails it all to me ?
She is false as false can be !

THE ANSWER.

Híres förend nemzetében,
Nincsen hiba termetében.

HE is of illustrious name,
Free from spot, and free from blame ;
Bred as noble minds are bred,
Leading, too, as he was led :
 Yet I love him not—and I
 Know full well the reason why !

Lustrous are his eyes as light,
And as milk his skin is white ;
Never did vermillion streak
Beauty fairer than his cheek :
 Yet I love him not—and I
 Know full well the reason why !

Wisdom all his forehead arches,
He is tall as mountain larches ;
Waving locks of chesnut hair,
Lips as twilight dawning fair :
 Yet I love him not—and I
 Know full well the reason why !

When he sits upon his steed,
Mars must yield for strength and speed ;
Here and there, and to and fro,
Like a Centaur, see, they go :

Yet I love him not—and I
Know full well the reason why !

Witty, wise and honor'd, too ;
Tasteful, learned, thro' and thro' ;
Calm, courageous, just, urbane ;
Courteous, aye ! without a stain :

Yet I love him not—and I
Know full well the reason why !

When he smiles, delight is nigh ;
Joy salutes him, passing by ;
Pleasure in his steps is treading,
And his friendship, 'tis an Eden :

Yet I love him not—for I
Heard him call me false—that's why !

RÁDAY GEDEON.

BORN 1713—DIED 1792.

Hints rózsát e' sírra, Magyar ! 's érezzed az ége,
Szellemet arczaidon : Ráday nyúgoszik ott.

KÖLCSEY.

“ WATER, WIND, REPUTATION.”

Még gyermeklátemben hallám e' szép mesét.

I WAS a boy and heard this pretty story :
That Wind and Water play'd with Reputation
At hide-and-seek together.

The Water rushed adown the mountain passes,
But was discovered after long pursuing
In the deep valleys.

The Wind flew upwards :
But it was followed to the mountain summits,
And soon entrapp'd there.

Then Reputation was to be imprison'd,
And Reputation whispered
In a sonorous voice to her companions :
“ Know, if you lose me—know, if once I hide me,
I'm lost for ever.”

And so it was—she hid her ; all inquiry
Was wasted in the seeking ;
Nothing can renovate that perish'd treasure,
If thou have lost it — thou hast lost *all* with it.

THE THREE IDLERS OF KING MATTHEW CORVINUS.

AN OLD TRADITION.

Helyes mondás, a' rest csak földnek terhe.

THERE is an ancient saying—Idleness
Is the world's curse : and I have heard a story
Out of old time, instructive.

King Matthew once, half-topsy, put three fellows —
Three idle fellows—in a house to fatten ;
And fate, or forethought, set the house on fire.
“ Ah ! see, the house is burning !” cried the first ;
“ If the King want us,” said the second knave,
“ Why he will send and save us.” In a rage,
“ Your tongue is very glib,” exclaimed the third ;
And the house went on burning, and they perish'd.

O there are many idle dogs like these—
Many who open wide their lazy mouths,
And think that roasted ortolans will enter.

ORCZY LŐRINCZ.

BORN 1718—DIED 1789.

Sok utas nyugodjon faladnak tövében.

THE BUGACZIAN* CSARDA.†

Csikós 's gulyás nép clubbja rossz vityillő.

Now, *Csikos*,‡ *Gulyas*,§ now—come hither—hither,
 And make your way through fly-swarms numberless,
 And armies of loud croaking frogs, and legions
 Of insects which torment the herds||—come hither,
 Forth from the robbers' nest, and tell me who
 Placed thee in that wild waste. Not what thou seemest
 Art thou. The badges of mine host¶ thou bearest
 Deceitful, for thou hast no welcome. Four
 Blank walls, a stable into ruin falling,
 A roof that's like a wash-trough—fitful sport
 For the wild winds—and all thy wealth is told.
 Nay ! there's a ditch hard by, in which is hidden
 Thy dirty, red-cheeked helpmate—and two blocks,

* Bugacz, a Hungarian village.

† A sort of inn or public house found in Hungary on the wide plains where the wild cattle are sent to roam. These Csardas are visited by the keepers of the herds of horses and horned beasts, which are pastured on these almost boundless steppes.

‡ A keeper of wild horses.

§ A keeper of wild oxen.

|| Immense quantities of insects congregate about the cattle on the Hungarian plains.

¶ The keepers of the Csardas dress like landlords.

Rammed into earth and rotting, where a horseman
 May tie his steed up. Then the broken kettle,
 And the crack'd pot, still reeking with the odors,
 Not fragrant, of the last long by-gone guests.
 Its bearer looks suspicious, and the travellers
 Rather lie down without, night-frozen, waiting
 The morning, or fly hurrying by, impatient
 To reach their journey's end, than tarry here.
 But when the heaven is veil'd in threat'ning darkness,
 And the fierce battle of the clouds begins,
 And lightning, thundering, burst the furious storms,
 And the winds rage, and down the torrents rush,
 And all the plain becomes a sudden sea —
 O, then we are less delicate — O, then
 We seek not *Farkas*,* nor *Arany-Sas*,†
Vad-ember,‡ *Hét Elector*,§ — satisfied
 With something less than best. No quarrel then
 With John the waiter, who has left the key
 Behind him. No ! a little room suffices,
 And we judge not the architect. The love
 Of gorgeous buildings is a vanity,
 And it devours the land — till, ere too late,
 They and the country totter. He who seeks
 For peace and quiet, will condense his soul,
 Narrow his circle, nor extend desire.
 These marble church-high walls — these glass-clad pillars,||

* Farkas, the Wolf. † Arany-Sas, the Golden Eagle. ‡ Vad-ember, the Wild-man. § Hét Elector, the Electoral Prince. These are names of celebrated inns at Vienna and Pesth.

|| Trümeauk.

Superb recesses,* sparkling chandeliers,
 Vases of China, and Carrara urns,
 And the carved woods of distant worlds—do ye
 Give peace? Are ye the evidence of bliss?
 Doth happiness dwell with ye?

Men of old

Had better witnesses of joy. The oak,
 The ash, and the wild pear-tree, furnished all
 Their dwellings, and the lofty pine their floors,
 Or oft the solid earth. One chamber made
 A home—when guests, however numerous, came,
 A blanket flung around them well suffic'd.
 No rich superfluous beds—the roof was thatch—
 And the walls hung with friendly arms around;
 Not silk or paper tap'stry—wooden stools
 Or benches round the smiling board, and plates
 Of earthenware or tin—but bliss was there,
 And mirth, and song, and friendship. We possess
 The *show*, but the *reality* is gone.
 How many are the cabinets where now
 An honest *Chizma*† may not tread—shut out
 By slippers, socks, and other fantasies,
 With which a man must garnish, or remain
 In th' outer chamber.

Csarda! Unto me
 Thy desolate retreats are dearer far

* Parquétek.

† These are the boots worn by the Hungarians, forming a part of the national dress.

Than all these follies. Come I—night or day—
Splash'd, streaming, soak'd, and even with forty guests,
I am as welcome as a monarch coming
To peace unbroken : then thy oven gives
Bread finer than Keskemeths,* and thy vaults
Flow with the richest of Körösian† wines.
O let the pilgrim rest in thy sweet shades !

* A town in the Pesth district, renowned for the peculiar excellence of its bread.

† Körös, the name of many villages in Hungary and Transylvania. It is a favorite name in poetry. I am not aware which Körös is particularly distinguished for its wines. *Altenburg* in Transylvania is Korösbanya in the Magyar.

[The above is from a modernized version of Kazinczy.]

BAROTI SZABÓ DAVID.

BORN 1739—DIED 1819.

Hol majd az ōsz Szabó?

DAYKA.

THE WREN AND THE OWL.

Say, why all birds hate the Wren and the Owl? I will tell you the reason :

Once, heaven's feather'd inhabitants, aping the manners of mortals,

Swore they would make them a monarch. So they all gather'd together :

Great was the noise, and unbounded the strife, and loud the confusion.

Lastly, they all agreed, and every one promised obedience : He who the highest can soar 'midst the lofty clouds of heaven,

He shall be king. 'Twas said—and each, on pinions ambitious,

Urged his upward flight—but the mightier influence of Phœbus

Depressed them down to earth. Some fluttered in midway regions—

Some were exhausted and fell—some rose aloft like an arrow,

And like an arrow they sunk. Passion and power brought weakness—

Weakness and dire defeat—and all earth's face was covered,

And all the lower skies, with the wrecks of pride and presumption.

Lost in the crowd, the small Wren looked on in destitute sadness :

Poor little flutterer ! how should he hope to soar over his brethren ?

Who would have thought that his cunning would serve him in trial far better—

Better than strength ? You shall hear how ingenious his dextrous devices :

The Eagle was rising aloft—he sprung on his wing, till he mounted

High in the clouds—through the clouds ; while the little Wren, silently crouching,

Rose with the Eagle, and saw the combatants vanquished beneath them—

Heard their loud voices which cried—All hail to our Sovereign and Ruler !

Pride is too confident oft, and slippery the footsteps of monarchs.

Perch'd on his pinions, the Wren soon stole all his honors imperial ;

When he could speed no higher, the little Wren sprung from the Eagle—

Sprung, and singing, still soared, and claimed the homage of subjects.

Vain was his pride, reproved was his falsehood, and sadness came with it ;

All the assembled tribes spurned the usurper with scoffings,

Bid the Owl go forth and arrest and watch over the traitor.
Great was his eye, and bright—so fitting was he for a
keeper.

Wisdom's not always wise, nor prudence over prudential.
Yet shall the Wren be king—imprisonment gives him the
sceptre.

Sleep o'ertook the Owl—the little Wren fluttered his pi-
nions,

Flew on the breezy wind, and escaped from the scene of
danger.

Justice summons her court—dispatches her minions to
bring him :

Lo ! the Owl asleep—and the Wren—go, ask of the sun-
beams.

Rage and reproaches cover the careless Owl—thenceforward
Crowds of birds pursue the sleeping, slovenly guardian :
Never again by day may he venture his hated intrusions—
Never, till twilight darkens, and night comes clouded in
blackness.

Even his voice, when heard, awakens the hate of the song-
sters.

He, like the crafty hound, has track'd the footsteps of
silence

Where the poor hare, thro' woods, o'er groves and lonely
places,

Flies to be hidden, in vain—the fugitive soon is discovered.
So the Owl's wild scream brings every bird about him—
One long torment is his, and a permanent persecution.

(40)

VIRAG BENEDEK.

BORN 1752

Bring Flowers !

TO THE MUSES.

Hová regadtok ? melly ligetek, 's setét.

WHERE do ye bear me ? Into what solitude
'Midst groves and valleys ? Daughters of Helicon !
Have ye awakened new fires in my bosom ?
Have ye transported my spirit ?

Here in this quiet temple of loneliness
Will I pour out the songs of divinity
To the Hungarian Minerva, and worship
At the immortal one's altar.

Yes ! I will read all the deeds of futurity.
Dark-mantled groves, sweet fountains of gentleness,
Have ye not thoughts to overwhelm me with transport,
And to upbear me to heaven ?

As ye have borne the bright virgins of victory,
Whom with a passionate longing for blessedness
Fain I would follow ; and breathing of glory,
Heavenly sisters ! I hail ye.

STILLNESS.

Vad Tráciának durva lakossai.

To the uncivilized Thracian the wine-cup
Seems to drop poison ; he furiously seizes
The sabre, and wields it in passion,
And scatters around him the death-wounds.

Ye who were nursed at the breast of affection,
Nursed with the sweet milk of gentleness,—wherefore
This struggle—this raging of fury ?
Be still—cease the storm of the battle !

Harper ! awake thy soft music—the music
Which charms thine own maiden—sing joyous : the moon-
light
That smiles on our cup so benignly,
Will soon be o'ershadowed in darkness.

High in the heaven doth the traveller linger,
Rolling her chariot in brightness and glory :
Doth she not feel that the mantle
Of twilight envelopes the morning ?

SONG.—

Oh melly örömmel nyújtanek.

O PASSING sweet it were to me
A flowery wreath to offer thee ;
But ah ! the north wind's stormy blast
Has made my garden all a waste,
And every flower that rear'd its head
Is swept away—has perished.

The storm has swept the flowers away,
The thorns and nettles lingering stay ;
But saddest fate of all—too well
I loved the rose, and lo ! it fell.
One thought of peace is left—that spring
Some other flowers of hope will bring,
And fate the perish'd good repair,
By dreams as fleeting, but as fair.

AURORA.

Melly szép neved van, mennyei harmatok'.

SWEET is thy name, Aurora—thou heavenly
Day-giver—sweeter thy deeds than thy name.
Smiling, thou lookest from thy chariot of gold,
And the darkness of night rolleth gently away.

Light beams and glows in thy glance—thou awakest
Life and arousest bright joy—at thy gifts
Innocent birdlets sing praises and bless thee,
Chanting their matin of exquisite tones.

Then do they fear the fierce vulture no longer—
Fear not the talons of evil—nor dread
Screech of the owl, in the sunny ray blinking—
Silent his voice and inactive his eye.

Beautiful change hath enamour'd creation :
'Tis the Creator—for He and His laws
Reign ever-during : all things are shifting—
All, but the godlike machine of the world.

ANYOS ISTVAN PAL.

BORN 1756—DIED 1784.

Bard of the solitary cloister, he !

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Im koporsód' ajtajánál áll hív szeretőd !

THY faithful lover stands beside thy melancholy tomb !
The tomb which shrouds thee from mine eyes in its unhal-
lowed gloom.
Awake ! arise !—my open arms would tear thee from thy
pall—
Mingle thy heart with mine ! O hear my anguish-moving
call !
The fates—the frightful fates—which closed the grave upon
thee there,
Dissolved my heart, my hope, in mists which melted in
the air.
Death ! why wert thou so cruel ? Why, with faithfulness
like ours,
Why didst thou blast mirth's opening bud, that soon would
bloom in flowers ?
Why trample on those morning gems which in such meek-
ness grew,
And just in morning's twilight smiled, and drank love's
early dew ?
Was it a triumph fit for thee a lowly stem to crush—
To break a feeble twig—to mow a bruised and broken
rush ?
I speak—she hears not—no reply—no echo can intrude,
No sound may vibrate from the grave, or break its solitude.

Once, even a whisper touch'd her soul—was music in her
ears;

Now is she senseless to my cries, and heedless of my tears :
A tear—which once could melt her heart and agitate her
thought,

Whate'er I felt she felt—to each a common doom was
brought ;

But death has cut the holy band—and now her heavenly
eye

Shall ne'er be wet with selfish tears, nor tears of sympathy.
Sleep, sleep, sweet spirit ! sleep in peace—I will not mourn
—I feel,

Though thou art silent, yet I dwell within thy bosom still.
But I, while still I toil along through life's devoted road,
Must bear in hopelessness and grief my overwhelming load.

TO THE MOON.

Szomorú csillagzat ! melly bús sugárokkal.

THOU gloomy star ! whose melancholy glances
Play with the gentle streamlet softly murmuring,
Thou hast awaked thee with the wretched mourners,
And their hearts vibrate yet with heavy sorrow.
Thou hear'st their sighings in the evening darkness,
While all the earth, in silence shrouded, slumbers.
There is no slumber in the house of mourning ;
Slumber takes flight to the abodes of gladness.
In the dull churchyard, lo ! a cross is standing,
And the light breezes shake the dark-leaved cypress,
As it o'ershadows many a mouldering mortal—
Mortals who bore, as I now bear, life's burden.
From the deep tomb I see a spirit rising—
Rising from death's upyielding dormitory :
Is it not one of that distressful number
Borne down like me by heavy, heartfelt trouble ?
Came it not tow'rds me ? Why should I avoid it ?
Comfort is more in that night-walking spirit
Than in the vain illusions of the living,
Who have betray'd me with their treacherous favors !
Spirit ! come. Ah ! 'tis fled !—how soon departed !
Soon as it glanced my falling tears, it vanish'd.

Is there, of earth or heaven, no one to hear me—
No one to sooth this bitterness of anguish ?
Strike, thou blest hour ! whose summoning voice shall call
 me
Out of my sorrows into my seclusion :
Free my torn heart from this tormented bosom,
And let the earth receive its earth and ashes :
Then, when I speak, some friendly hand may garland
O'er the tall cross some melancholy flowrets—
Friendship's mementoes—truth's sweets breathing pledges—
Dropping a tear upon my clayey ruins.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE TREE.

HOLY, peace-giving stillness ! my spirit's retreat ! and the
witness

Grief chooses to hear her appeals and her longing desires ;
I carve on the tree-bark the name of the only beloved
PHILLIS—it grows—'tis an emblem and pledge of my love.

KAZINCZI FERENCZ.

BORN 1759.

Omnia cantat, omnia ornat.

Poéta vagy 's historicus.

KAZINCZI.

THE FROGS.

BREKEKE,

Brekeke, brekeke !

Koax, too-oo !

Brekeke, koax—brekeke, too-oo !

Brekeke, brekeke, brekeke,

Brekeke, brekeke, brekeke, brekeke ;

Koax, koax—too-oo, too-oo ;

Brekeke, too-oo !

Brekeke, brekeke !

'Tis the dawn of delight to the sons of the pond ;

From its green bed they look to the bright moon beyond.

Brekeke, brekeke,

Koax, too-oo ;

Koax, koax—too-oo, too-oo !

The thunderer made us the favorites of Heaven ;

'Neath the green-vaulted wave how we thrive and have
thriven !

All honor and praise to his wisdom be given.

Brekeke, brekeke, brekeke ;

Koax, koax—too-oo, too-oo !

In ages departed,

Our home was the sky ;

But hot Phœbus darted

His rays from on high ;

And then we descended,
And so we are here,
No helper attended,
No helping was near ;
The heads of our nation
Look'd up from the wave,
And called for salvation
On him who could save.
He turned away frowning,
And Nemesis cried,
“ Jove ! doom them to drowning ! ”
He laugh'd at our pride,
Nor thought of the danger
Of wakening our power.
At last his hot anger
Passed quietly o'er ;
An epoch of blessings
Soon dawn'd on our race ;
And Juno's caressings,
More sweet than before,
O'ershadow'd with glory this beautiful place.

Brekeke, brekeke, brekeke ;
Koax, koax—too-oo, too-oo !

Our temple is bright as
The temple above ;
Its arches as light as
Heaven's arches of love.

Our water's of crystal,
Where shelter'd we dwell ;
And the arrows have miss'd all
From Phœbus that fell.
Poseidon, the brother
Of Jove, is our sire,
Our guardian—no other
We own nor desire ;
Each Nereid and Triton
Belongs to our band.
When Sirius shines bright on
The ocean and land,
The Gods spread their curtain
Their favorites to shield ;
All danger averting
On fountain and field.

So thanks, cordial thanks, to the thunderer of heaven,
Who pour'd out the waves where we thrive and have
thriven ;
All honor and praise to his wisdom be given.

Brekeke, brekeke, brekeke ;
Koax, koax—too-oo, too-oo !

Be still, all ye dwellers
The waters among :
Hark ! hark ! the excellers
In music and song—
We, taught by Apollo,

Be silent, and hear,
Thou Anadiomene ;
Peace, and give ear,
Whales—sturgeons shall follow.
The frogs care not how many
Listeners appear,
If silence respectful be here ;
For we in the waters,
Of all their vast throng,
Are melody's daughters,
And heirs of sweet song.
Brekeke, brekeke, brekeke,
Brekeke, brekeke, brekeke, brekeke ;
Koax, koax—too-oo, too-oo ;
Koax, too-oo !

When tuning our vesper,
As twilight appears,
The sweet-smiling Hesper
Oft lingers and hears ;
And Cynthia; she tarries
To list and admire,
While every fair star is
All jealous desire ;

And often we hear them exclaiming, How blest,
In these tranquil green waters' to revel and rest !

The reverend Tellus,
She wonders—what power
To such songs can impel us ;
On us doth she shower

Her brightness and glory,
The valleys around ;
The mountains, though hoary,
Grow young at the sound.

Brekeke, brekeke, brekeke, brekeke ;
Too-oo—koax, koax—too-oo, too-oo !

There is in the forest
A colorless bird,
Whose song is the poorest
And saddest e'er heard—
Deep, deep in the bushes
The creature is hidden,
Whence oft his noise gushes—
O, why not forbidden !
His voice thrilling o'er us
Confuses our chorus.
The Gods, interfering,
Have punish'd the fool,
And given him a hearing
Of melody's school ;
He flies with his riot,
He hurries away,
Leaves heaven to its quiet,
And earth to be gay.

Yes ! gay with our music till winter, and then
We bury our voice in sad silence again,
Till the spring breaks anew on the freshness of youth,
And we walk in the spirit of music and truth,
To pour forth our anthems o'er forest and plain.

Brekeke, brekeke, brekeke!

The thunderer made us the favorites of heaven,
In the green shallow waters we thrive and have thriven,
All honor and praise to his wisdom be given.

Brekeke, brekeke,

Koax, koax!—Too-oo, too-oo!

HER IMAGE.

Midön az hajnal elveri álmoránat.

'Tis morning and I wake—the earliest vision
That beams upon me is thy face divine ;
And then my spirit floats in light elysian,
And bliss springs youthful from those smiles of thine.
“ ‘Tis she—’tis she !” I cry,— swift flow my veins,
I kiss the air, as if her breath had bless'd it—
I bow to earth, as if her feet had press'd it—
Yes ! she was here, and still her influence reigns.
Fair Representative ! the sweet infection
Of power is with thee—gentle, but supreme ;
Blending such dreams of hope and recollection—
And gilding with new glory every dream :
Look !—for the sun is up, and on thy face
Throws all its lustre, light, and heavenly grace.

FABLE :—THE BADGER AND THE SQUIRREL.

A' tunya borz szennyes gödrében nézte szökéseit.

A DIRTY badger, from his noisome dwelling,
Observ'd from branch to branch a squirrel springing :
'Twas near the badger's den where dwelt the squirrel,
On an old tree, to Pan once consecrated.

" Ho ! Cousin, Ho !" so cried the dirty badger,
" Hast thou forgotten, say, that thou by nature
Art classed among the quadrupeds ? 'Tis folly
And an unseemly vanity that make thee
Ashamed of earth—and seeking habitation
Among the fowls of heaven. Descend, companion ;
Come dwell among thy kindred, and abandon
Thy towering friskings. Cousin bear leaps often,
I too, sometimes—but then it is with discretion."
The little creature listened to the counsel,
And answered meekly—" I am but a squirrel,
And thou—a badger."

THE BELOVED.

WHERE the gay streamlet
Springs from the mountain,
Laughing and dancing
Came a sweet maiden
Bearing a violet,
Azure and odorous ;
Smiling she dropt it
Into my bosom ;
And on my forehead,
Planted warm kisses
Many and glowing—
“ Breathe thro’ thy harp-strings,”
Thus said the maiden ;
“ Breathe out the spirit
I have awakened”—
Swiftly she vanished.

Then came a dovelet,
Flutt’ring, complaining,
And a green cradle
Made of young branches,
Touching my lips
With sweet dewy honey.

As I grew older,
Beautiful visions
Glanc'd thro' the foliage
Of the old oak trees ;
Near the clear streamlet
Rising irriguous,
Visions of beauty
Which my song chaunted.
Then did my country
And her bright children
Waken its music—
Then did love's passion
Thrill thro' the harp-strings,
And the bright eye-balls
Of that divine one,
Who in the darkness
Of the green garden,
Beam'd—and fled smiling.
Wicked one ! darting
Into my bosom—
And then departing.

THE EPIGRAM.

Szökj,' Epigramma, di nem mint nyil melly czétra fut és öl.

FLY, Epigram, fly, but not like a barb that wounds as it
hurries ;
Fly like a kiss, which the loving one tremblingly steals ;
Lo ! 'tis just heard and retain'd—from the fire of the
odorous maiden
Flames have been waked on my lips, and a heat has pos-
sess'd all my heart.

SONNET.

My little bark of life is gently speeding
Adown the stream 'midst rocks, and sands, and eddies,
And gathering storms, and dark'ning clouds—unheeding,
Its quiet course thro' waves and winds it steadies.
My love is with me—and my babes—whose kisses
Sweep sorrow's trace from off my brow as fast
As gathering there—and hung upon the mast
Are harp and myrtle flowers, that shed their blisses
On the sweet air. Is darkness on my path?
Then beams bright radiance from a star that hath
Its temple in the heaven. As firm as youth
I urge my onward way—there is no fear
For honest spirits.—Even the fates revere
And recompense—love, minstrelsy, and truth.

SONNET.

O ! I have passed a day of ecstacy !
Leading two lovely sisters forth among
The flowers, the meadows, and the forest song,
To the still stream where murmuring poplars be—
There did we sit beneath th' o'ershadowing tree,
Watching the waters as they roll'd along.
She sang—O joy ! what smiles—what blushes throng
Upon those cheeks—and what delight for me !
What witchery in those silver-sounding notes !
How all enchanting that soft music floats !
The air is thrilling with its sounds divine :
But sweeter, sweeter far—when on my ear
Enraptur'd—one blest breathing fell—“ My dear—
My dear—delighted listener ! I am thine.”

VERSIFICATION.

Add te Pyschéd' nekem, 'Eros, oh add ! 's védd lantomat érte.

" GIVE me thy Psyche, young Eros! O give, and my lute
will I give thee—

Doubled thy influence, Mighty One! doubled thy trans-
ports shall be."

I, for thy lute, give my Psyche, Apollo? My lute is mine
arrow :

Said—and straight heaven-ward the magical arrow up
flew;

Full on hexameters rush'd the arrow's loud whizzing as-
cension,

And as it whispering fell a pentameter woke.

TO MINNI.

'Egtem érted 's te szerettél.

'TWAS for thee I burned—thou burnedst—
Still I burn, but thou art frozen ;
Thou dost hide thy thoughts—returnedst
Not the love which thou hadst chosen.
Still thy heart, to thee appealing,
Tells thee of thy faithless deeds ;
Mine, all shades of misery feeling,
Only dreams, and weeps, and bleeds.

All dispersed, and all departed,
Are those visions once so drear ;
Wounded, bleeding, broken-hearted,
No reproaches shalt thou hear.
May thy bliss desert thee never—
Never let my gloom be thine ;
I, with proud emotion ever,
Think that Minni's heart *was* mine.

TO MY JOY-GIVER.

Milliók között sines egy kit a' fene.

OF the earth's many millions, none like me
Hath the blind Ate marked for sorrow—none ;
Each, each his share of gloom and grief may see,
Yet have their guardian angels every one.
I have no guardian angel—left alone
By heaven and by the world ; and misery
E'en in my bone-pith—helpless, woe-begone ;
No balsam—nought but tears, shed ceaselessly.

E'en Eros multiplies my sad alarms :
“ Let Ate's anger sooth his joys,” he said ;
And Sophie slumbered sweetly in my arms :
Now is a light upon my darkness shed ;
And I, by love's strong influence shielded o'er,
Hear Ate's savage threatenings no more.

SEPARATION.

EVER absent, ever near ;
Still I see thee, still I hear ;
Yet I cannot reach thee, dear !

CUPID ON A LION.

How the fierce beast the gentle child obeys,
And love's mild power the wildest spirit sways !
Lo ! how the baby lifts his kingly hand,
Both earth and heaven submit to his command ;
And I, sweet Nice ! since I wore thy chain,
Seek to rebel against his rule, in vain.

DAYKA GABOR.

BORN 1768—DIED 1796.

Hunc tantum populo monstrarunt fata.

VIRGIL.

THE FAITHFUL MAIDEN.

Az én szerelmes emnek.

I HAVE made a part of mine,
All my loved one's being ;
Trifling when he trifles,
Smiling when he smiles,
Mourning when he mourns,
And joyous when he joys ;
But when he, forgetting me,
Frequent kiss to Phillis gives,
O, I weep, I weep.

SECRET SORROW.

Homályos bánat dulja lelkemet.

My soul is troubled with an ancient sorrow,
Which grows again anew; and gloomy themes,
Gathering afresh, o'ershadow me with dreams
Of a mysterious darkness on the morrow.
I fain would weep, and yet can find no tears—
Nought but the broken sigh and stifled groan:
These are the tenants of my heart alone,
And their deep underminings steal my years.

O that the tears, joy's freshening tears, would fall!
They come not to the weak and wounded breast;
They rush both for and from the fount of rest.
If thou art not than marble harder all,
Know that the silent pang, the grief that speaks not,
Is of all woes the deadliest—and to bear
The heart that throbs and burns, while yet it breaks not,
Is worse than death—for death a blessing were.

KIS JANOS.

BORN 1770.

Oh rég már, rég, hogy è Szépek Szépét
Nyomozom, mert Istenség 'keze
Lelkembe metszette ó szent képét.
Hogy lélekké neveze.

Kis.

HYMN TO WISDOM.

Szívemnek legfelségesl bálványa.

GODDESS of thy votary's heart!
Wisdom ! tell me where thou art!
Holy virgin! in the throng
Of mighty worlds I seek thy throne—
I seek thee, and have sought thee long—
Of loveliest ones, the loveliest one !
The right hand of the Deity
Graved in my heart thine image bright,
And the reflected ray from thee
Makes nature's darkness melt in light.

Blest daughter of the skies, who sheddest
Undying beams, and smiling spreadest
Th' eternal green and gifts of spring—
Thou, who o'er heaven's crystal gates dost fling
A light of purest, fairest glistening,
And standest at the portal listening
To songs which angel voices sing.

Sister of heavenly sisters ! Truth
Goes with thee, and untainted youth.
Thou on the flowery mounds dost sport
With Innocence, while thy fair cheek
The roses of contentment streak,
And glorious palms thy hands support.
Thy thoughts, thy feelings and desire,
The harmonious choirs of heaven inspire ;
Thou passion's furies know'st to bridle,
Things as they are thy bright eyes see ;
Thou wilt not bow thee to the idol,
However bright the diamond be,
Fixed on his brow of mystery.

The golden chains of order bound
The everlasting spheres around
Thou measurest, as those spheres advance
Like bright-eyed virgins in the dance
Of beauty; and no poisoned spear
Wielded by demon hand is there
To wound the heart, the bliss to steal,
Which all creation's tenants feel.

Th' All-former's hidden works are known
To thee—his everlasting will—
Thou seest all upward mounting, still—
Still higher mounting, to the throne,
Where Good, pure Good, resides alone ;

Thou seest the fires of discipline,
Improve, sublime, correct, refine—
Till as the mists dissolve away,
In the diffusing smiles of day,
Man glides from mortal to divine.

Dweller in heaven, from heav'n upsprung—
All—all has heavenly looks for thee ;
Thou hearest songs in every tongue,
In every motion melody ;
Thou bathest in eternal streams
Of endless hope and joy, and findest
Repose and light in all heaven's schemes,
Which seem the strangest and the blindest.

Thou hallowed goddess of my heart,
Tell me, O tell me where thou art !
Where thine eternal home ? and say,
May not my spirit wend its way
(For passionate longing might find pinions
To reach even thy sublime dominions)
To thine abode ? Can nought but spirit
Thy presence seek, thy friendship merit ?
Why struggling after thee, O why,
Sink we in deep obscurity ?

Yet when at morning-dawn I bring
A matin-incense to thine altar—
When, tho' I scarcely breathe, but falter,
And at the evening twilight fling

My heart before thee,—on the wing
Of the calm breeze, methinks I hear
Thy voice—O tell me, art thou there ?
Methinks, when at the midnight hour,
In solemn silence fluttering by,
The whisper that some viewless power
Passes, in angel-chariot, nigh ;
Methinks that whisper needs must be
Some herald's voice announcing thee.

KISFALUDY SANDOR.

BORN 1772.

Eggy Istennert, eggy Hazáért
 'Egett hajdan, durván hív,—
 Eggy Mátkáért, nyoszobjáért—
 A' törzsökös Magyar szív ;
 De se Isten, se Hazához
 Sok Kigyalúltt Magyar szív,
 Se szavahoz se Párjához
 Se magához most nem hív !
 Eggy Istenem, eggy a' hazám
 Erzi szivem, 's vallya a' szám ;
 'S eggy szerelme szívemnek
 Mint szíve eggy keblemnek.

LIII. DAL.

I. DAL. 7.

Mint a' szarvas, kit megére.

As the suffering hart confounded
By the lance that tears his veins ;
Flies—in vain—for he is wounded,
Vainly flies to woods or plains :
Since thy piercing eye look'd thro' me,
So I flee—and vainly flee ;
Still thy magic barbs pursue me—
I am wounded, maid ! by thee.
And the wound but seems the stronger,
As my flight is further—longer—
Smitten heart ! alas ! thy pain
Seeks relief or rest in vain.

I. DAL. 13.

Boldog vagy te, czifra madar !

THEE I envied, joyous bird !
Singing love-songs in the dell
To thy mate : each note I heard
Seem'd with joy and truth to swell.
I have also songs, which sweetly
Tell the tale of love—yet fall
Unobserved, however meetly
Answering beauty's fancied call.
Happy bird ! that singst love's joy—
I, its sorrows, its annoy—
Would I had th' alternative,
For thy song my soul to give !

I. DAL. 26.

Természetnek 'Eltetője.

THOU sublimest life-creator,
Who didst breath and being give,
Thou, all worlds' regenerator,
In and by whose life we live :
Heart-controller—thou hast chosen
Thus its boiling streams to move ;
Better were it chill'd and frozen,
Than tormented thus by love.
O ! condemn me not, my father !
If I err—but pity rather—
As she stole my reason—she,
And not I, must guilty be.

I. DAL. 51.

Midőn a' Hold' világában.

OFT in fancy's rapturous noonlight
Thy resplendent face I see :
Oft, when wandering 'neath the moonlight,
On the waves, I welcome thee.
In my dreams I hold communion
With thy bright love-laughing eyes ;
Thoughts of sympathy and union
From my broken heart arise.
O the blest, the heavenly greeting !
Vision fair—as fair as fleeting :
Soon the illusions all decay,
As thine image glides away.

I. DAL. 57.

Gyermekségem' szep ideji.

SWIFT the golden moments flitted
 Of my childhood's blissful days—
Soon the smiling joys retreated,
 Which o'er boyhood flung their rays.
Spring, whose footstep never lingers,
 Flowers upon the vernal field,
All the forest's plumy singers,
 All the lights that nature gild—
Will not winter's breath destroy them ?
Other springs shall re-enjoy them ;
 Youth rekindles not its beam—
Why do I so idly dream ?

I. DAL. 154.

Mint tánczolt Ő, a' Gráczia !

As the zephyrs, gay and airy,
Glance thro' nature's flowery hall ;
So she glides—a graceful fairy,
Thro' the mazes of the ball.
O how stately are her paces !
O how princely is her gait !
All her path is led by graces,
Light and beauty on her wait.
And those lips that smile so brightly,
And that breast that heaves so lightly ;
On how many hearts did she
Fling the chains of slavery !

I. DAL. 172.

Téged' látlak az Egeknek.

In the blue horizon's beaming,
Thee, sweet maid ! alone I see ;
In the silver wavelets streaming,
Thee, sweet maiden ! only thee.
Thee, in day's resplendent noonlight,
Glancing from the sun afar ;
Thee, in midnight's softer moonlight ;
Thee, in every trembling star.
Wheresoe'er I go, I meet thee ;
Wheresoe'er I stay, I greet thee ;
Following always—everywhere :
Cruel maiden ! O, forbear !

I. DAL. 176.

Szelid Múzsák ! jól tudom én.

MUSES ! honour her—the sweetest—
 Her by smiling graces nurst ;
Music ! when the fair thou greetest,
 Greet her fairest—greet her first.
I have seen her bright eyes glisten
 When the poet touch'd his chord ;
Yet she will not deign to listen
 To mine unobtrusive word.
Maiden ! wherefore so capricious ?
Is the minstrel too ambitious ?
 Doth his silence please thy will ?
Listen, maiden ! he is still.

II. DAL. 16.

Más a' Világ' ábrázattya.

ALL the bright world's charms seem brighter,
All the frowns of grief are gone ;
Livelier beats my heart—and lighter ;
Sweeter is my harp's sweet tone.
Life's fresh spring is renovated,
Bliss finds wings of pride and power,
Nobler passions are created,
Being's struggles upward tower :
I, a new-born life possessing,
Lov'd and loving—bless'd and blessing—
Darkening thoughts have pass'd away,
All is new delight and day.

II. DAL. 41.

Tőle jönnek, Hozzá térnek.

THOU of all my thoughts' vibrations
Art the origin and end ;
All my spirit's agitations
From thee spring, and to thee tend.
All that fortune frees or fetters,
What it builds, and what it breaks,
All it banns, and all it betters,
All—from thee its image takes.
By her smile of beauty lighted,
By her look of sorrow blighted,
All receives its powers from her,
Love's divine interpreter.

II. DAL. 44.

Mint előzí akaratom'.

O HOW sweet to see thee cumbered
With my happiness—to see
All the little cares unnumbered,
Fond affection takes for me !
Heaven has nought to give us sweeter
Than a joy-conferring wife,
And a smile of love to greet her—
'Tis the unclouded heav'n of life.
Like a sunbeam she enhances
Love's own radiance with her glances ;
And where'er the sweet one is,
There is peace and there is bliss.

II. DAL. 75.

Nem ki névért, dicsőségért.

NOT the songs to Pindus brought,
By the unholv thirst for glory ;
Not the songs by riches bought—
The perfidiousness of story :
No ! but that life-sparkling fountain,
Springing forth from transport's soul,
Up to joy's delirium mounting,
Gladdening nature's glowing whole,
Winging love's cloud-piercing arrow
Thro' time's boundaries, dark and narrow,
Wending tow'rds the heavens along,
This—this only be my song.

II. DAL. 87.

Ez' órának lejárttával.

Now another century blended
With past centuries rolls away ;
When another century's ended,
All that lives will be but clay.
Thou and I—a pair so joyous,
Spite of dance and song must die ;
Time, rude tempest, will destroy us,
On his death-piles shall we lie.
Dost thou mourn ? O mourn no longer !
Death is strong, but love is stronger ;
And where'er we go, shall go,
Sheltering us from lonely woe.

II. DAL. 130.

Alig nézi magát körül.

SCARCE upon the troubled ocean
Doth life's steersman seek a home,
Ere he feels an awful motion
 Drag him downwards to the tomb.
In the very bud of being
 Lies the hidden seed of death ;
And we feel, and hear, and see in
 All, perdition's withering breath.
'Tis a hasty, busy meeting,
An eternal farewell greeting,
 Hurrying all our paths along
Life as fugitive as song.

II. DAL. 168.

Olly szükséges szivemnek Ő.

TELL me, can the human breast
 Live—no breath, no air inspiring?
Can the soul of man be blest
 If sweet love pour not its fire in?
What to life are soul and spirit,
 Is the glow of love to me;
Loveless, what do I inherit—
 What? but blank mortality.
Love, smile on! and fears and dangers
To my bosom shall be strangers;
 Roll the storm, and fall the rain—
All their menaces are vain.

VITKOVICS MIHÁLY.

BORN 1772.

Verset akarsz tőleám, Lidi? 'En csak húr vagyok. Amor
A' lantos. Tőlem verset akarsz e? szeress.

VITKOVICS.

SHEPHERD SONG OF FÜREDI.

Hej juhász bojtár ! hol a' juh ?

SAY, Shepherd ! where thy sheep are gone,
And why this discontented frown ?
They're wending forth to *Balaton*,*
And heavy sorrows press me down.
I eat not, drink not—but I lie
Like a fell'd trunk upon the plain ;
The sun sinks downwards from the sky,
And gives me up to night and pain.
O hopeless doom ! She turns away,
Indifference in her eyes I see ;
In vain my Shepherd's pipe I play—
She listens not, nor looks on me.
The freshest milk, the whitest lamb,
And wreaths of knots, to her I bore ;
And all I have, and all I am—
Life, soul—would give, to win her o'er.
Her face † I press'd with kisses sweet,
Upon her breast my sighs outpour'd,
Fell, like a pilgrim, at her feet,
And drank her every breath and word.

* The lake of Balaton.

† Képére, face—meaning picture.

But what of this ? She knows it all,
And all forgets—she laughs at woe ;
No pity on despair lets fall ;
For other youth her passions glow.
But God shall punish her. O why,
Why was that lovely maid untrue ?
Why did she bid my pleasure die ?
Why pierce my heart, and pierce it through ?
When shepherdless my sheep shall stray,
And madness thought and hope destroy,
“ Shame on the maid !” the youths will say ;
“ Poor fool ! beloved Shepherd boy !”

COTTAGER'S SONG.

Nem adott az Isten nékem nagy palotát.

No elegant palace God raised o'er my head,
Rich tapestry gave not, nor silk to my bed ;
But a cottage of peace, and a rude, healthy life,
And, to crown my enjoyments, a brown, cheerful wife.
Together we earn the coarse bread which we eat,
And love makes it taste more delightfully sweet ;
When our labours are ended, together we rest,
And each to the other's bare bosom is prest.
The sun rises up—and we rise, full of joy,
Full of strength, to the busy day's wonted employ.
Then the spring dawns in green, and the fields smile anew,
And every fresh flow'ret is dripping with dew ;
And the song of the lark pours its melodies sweet,
Like a zephyr of freshness on summer's close heat.
Then comes the gay vintage—the red grapes we bear,
And alike of the labor and recompence share.
The winter puts on its white robes—we retire
At even—and bend o'er our own cottage fire.
My Sari turns round the gay spindle and sings,
And out of our happiness time makes its wings.
I have handicraft labors—and, happy the thought,
For this pay no taxes to Germans—nor ought.

The sabbath comes round, and in holiday gear
I go to God's dwelling—then quietly steer
To the *Kortsma*,* where, cheer'd by a wine-loving brother,
We pledge a full glass, and we laugh with each other;
Get warm, and we call on the Gipsies to play.
I know of no care, roll the world as it may :
I nothing am owed, and to nobody owe—
Hurting none, none will hurt me—so smiling we go
On the rude path of life—when its labors are past,
Death will find us both ready and cheerful at last.

* Inn.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

A' szerelem, Lidikém ! ollyan, mint regel az árnyék.

LOVE, my sweet Lidi ! resembles the fugitive shadows of morning ;

Shorter and shorter they grow, and at length disappear.
Friendship—*our* friendship—is like the beautiful shadows of evening,

Spreading and growing till life and its light pass away.

TO LIDI.

Verset akarsz tőlem Lidi? 'En csak hűr vagyok.

You ask me for song—I am but the lyre;
The harper is Cupid—fair maiden! inspire!

ENTREATY.

Könnycet, o feleség ! ha szeretsz, síromra ne csorgass.

WIFE ! if thou love me, O mourn not upon the death-sod
of thy husband :

Tears will ne'er summon me back to the regions of time ;
Tears from thine eyes will disturb death's calm slumber of
silence—

Bliss was our portion on earth—shall I weep in the grave ?

TO CZENCZI.

Miképen őzek a' fris.

As the hart the freshening waters,
As the bee the balmy flow'rets,
So I love the joyous wine-drops,
So I love the wine-drops, mingled
With sweet songs—and sweet songs blended
With thy kisses, rosy Czenczi !

Drinking wine,—then joys awaken ;
Joys awakening, waken music ;
And the power of love gives being
To thy love—nor can I envy
Even the hallow'd monarch's purple,
Nor the bliss that others covet.

Happy am I with the wine-cup,
And with music's song yet happier ;
But of all the happiest, Czenczi,
Happiest, Czenczi ! with thy kisses.

TO CZENCZI.

Bár Mátrahegy lehetnek.

WERE I but the Matra-hill,
Czenczi ! that for centuries long
Thou mightst look upon my brow !
Were I the pale Duna-stream,
The proud Duna-stream, that thou
Hundred years in me mightst bathe !
Were I Ætna's burning mount,
That for ages I might be,
Czenczi ! warmth and glow to thee !
But, not Matra-hill, nor pale
Duna—ah ! nor burning Ætna,
Can I ever, ever be.

Well, then, let us both improve
The swift lightning-flash of time,
Life ! nor let the rapid spark
Hurry unenjoy'd away.
Let us seize them—we enjoy
Hundred years—aye ! thousand years ;
Though we are—but what we were,
And must needs be—mortal things.

THE MOON.

THE moon (who hides her face by day) the darkness doth
uncover,
Just like the thief—and sad to say, she is just like the
lover.

TO AN ENVIOUS MAN.

Annyi veszélyek utan, hogy boldog lettem, írígyled ?

WHAT ! dost thou envy my happiness, bought with such
struggles and perils ?

I wish thy happiness too — and when will it bless thee ?
In death.

CSOKONAI MIHÁLY.

BORN 1774—DIED 1805.

Dúdolj verset ! Kinek ? A' Magyar Nemzetnek.

SZILAGYI.

THE STRAWBERRY.

Illatja rozmarinnak.

BREATH of rosemary, honey-sweetness
Of the fig, the daisy scarlet,—
To the smell, the taste, the eyesight,
All are equally delightful.

Did they never, never mingle
All these graces—ne'er unite ?
Look upon the ripen'd cherry,
It is red, and it is sweet ;
Fragrant is the golden melon,
Fragrant nectar to the taste ;
Roses are as fair as satin,
And their odours amber all ;
But the rosemary, the daisy,
Fig and cherry, melon, rose,
All are marvellously united
In the lovely strawberry :
Beauteous to the eye its color,
Honey to the lips its taste,
And its breath is exquisite.

I will set thee, lovely Strawberry,
On the table of the Gods ;
If thy tongue could find a language
Or a kiss, thou wouldest resemble
Lilla's ever-beauteous lips.

TO BACCHUS.

Eveé !

Evoé !

Bacchus ! Evan ! Evoé !

Evoé !

Bacchus ! fill up the spirit with glee !

What though the snows of the winter may fall—

Bring wine to me !

Bring wine to me—bring wine to all !

Evoé !

Single voice.

Bacchus ! with cheerful voice,

Praise to thee devotion brings ;

Where thou art the heavens rejoice,

And the earth sings.

Swarms of joys our bosoms give,

Each harmonious as a bee ;

In thy life alone we live.

Evoé !

Chorus.

Evoé !

Bacchus ! Evan ! Evoé !

&c., &c., &c.

Another voice.

Thou canst give to poverty
 Riches, blessing, and respect ;
 Make it proud as proud ones be ;
 Lift its horn, its head erect.
 Folly is made wise by wine ;
 Yes ! than wisdom wiser still ;
 Fill up that cup of thine—
 Fill ! fill ! fill !

Chorus.

Evoé !
 &c., &c., &c.

Single voice.

Sympathy pervades thy breast,
 Sweet sympathy ;
 And thy griefs are calmed to rest
 So tranquilly.
 Blessedness is beaming o'er thee,
 Love's best prize is won ;
 There is not a grief before thee—
 None ! none ! none !

Chorus.

Evoé !
 &c., &c., &c.

Another voice.

God of joy ! thou hast possess'd us ;
 O leave us never !
 God of joy ! that once hast blest us ;
 O bless us ever !

Death may come—but melancholy
 Shall not life annoy :
 Joy !—for sorrow is but folly—
 Joy ! joy ! joy !

Chorus.

Evoé !
 &c., &c., &c.

Single voice.

Thou dost watch the holy light
 On love's own shrine,
 And if tears be ever bright,
 Those tears are thine.
 Thou canst fill life's chillness up
 With warmth divine :
 Fill with wine the glowing cup—
 Wine ! wine ! wine !

Chorus.

Evoé !
 &c., &c., &c.

Another voice.

Wine, says Eld, may be pernicious—
 That's both wise and true ;
 So may every feast delicious—
 What is that to you ?
 Here's no priest—be here no preaching :
 Press the goblet to your lip ;
 Trip the dance—'tis wiser teaching—
 Trip ! trip ! trip !

Chorus.

Evoé !

Bacchus ! Evan ! Evoé !

Evoé !

Bacchus ! fill the soul with glee !

Though the wintry snows may fall,

Bring wine to me !

Wine to me, and wine to all !

Evoé !

TO MY FRIEND.

Parnassz' vadon hegyénél.

NOT from Pindus' darksome mountain,
Not from the Castalian fountain,
Not from Tempe's desert valley,
Do the heavenly Muses sally ;
Vainly there ye seek to find them,
Ages left their shades behind them.

They were Muses wild and savage,
Headed by a boor-Apollo :
Time's regenerating ravage
Brought a better race to follow ;
And our Muses, young and laughing,
Dwell in vineyards of Tokay ;
Ever there the grape-juice quaffing,
Ever gratulant and gay.

BERZSENYI DANIEL.

BORN 1776.

Csak te légy vélem te szelíd Camœna !
Itt is áldást hint kezed életemre,
'S à vadon tájék kiderült virány lesz
Gyöngé dalodra.

BERZSENYI,

EVENING TWILIGHT.

Emeld fel bíbor képedet.

COME with thy purple smiles, and bring
To nature quiet rest:
Come, gentle light of eve, and fling
The dew o'er nature's breast.

Send to the weary eye repose
And happy dreams to-night :
And bid the veil of darkness close
O'er holy love's delight.

The rose-tree hides its fairest flowers
While eve glides calmly by,
And life's most bright and blessed hours
Are hid in mystery.

I have a secret—but 'tis mine—
No word shall reach thine ear ;
'Tis buried in my heart's own shrine,
And lock'd in safety there.

I will not tell my thought—nor shame
My maiden with a fear ;
I will not tell my maiden's name
Nor what I feel for her.

I told it to the silent moon,
She saw my hour of bliss—
The tears of joy I shed—the boon,
The beauty and the kiss.

TO ERNESTINE.

Szép, szép az Elet Eszti !

SWEET is life, my Ernestine !
In the od'rous myrtle grove,
In the arms of holy love,
In Dione's, or in thine.
Sweet is life, my Ernestine !
Some may fear lest wind and wave
Delve for all their wealth a grave ;
Some may heap Golconda's store,
Ever adding more to more ;
Warriors climb the slippery hill
Crown'd by glory's citadel ;*
Welcoming the Peans loud
Victory wakens from the crowd ;
But, with thee, my Ernestine,
Yes ! with thee to live be mine.
Silenced every worldly tone,
O how sweet to live alone !
Seeing—wishing not to see
Aught but those bright smiles of thine ;

* Villogjon a' dicsősség'
Polczàu Napoleonnal.

Thee, my love—and only thee—
Hearing nought but thy soft breathing,
Or thy gentle rustling, wreathing
Little flowers of love for me.

THE DANCE.

Nézzd a' táncz' nemeit, mint festik játszi ecsettel.

LOOK at the dance ! You may trace in its playful and
varying changes

National manners and habits—the feelings and thoughts of
the people.

First, see the German come forward—and, waltzing three
paces, he seizes

Her whom he loves, and he gracefully wheels her in light-
footed circle :

Simple and quiet in all things—his very enjoyments are
tranquil :

One and one only he claims—if he love her, his love will
be faithful.

Giddy and graceful and vain, comes the Frenchman, and,
ogling and sporting,

Flits from one maid to another—to this and to that his
hand proffers :

Fiery and rash as a child, like a child he is light and capri-
cious ;

Changes his mistress at will, and humours his fancy till
weary.

Whelmed in a passionate storm, the Magyar's turbulent
spirit

Blends in the dance all the heat of his struggling and glow-
ing affection,

Like a sweet breeze—and his soul-piercing softness insinuates

All that is hid in the depths of his gen'rous and love-flowing spirit.

Link'd and dissevered, he leads or is led by the lovely Hungarian;

Dances alone in his joy, while all the earth trembles delighted.

This is the warrior's dance, which Kinysi, with blood-spotted weapons,

Danced with his followers around the heaps of his enemies scatter'd.

Here are no rules of art, no masters of science assembled;

This is her own bright law—'tis fancy's own free-pinion'd charter.

Let ev'ry man who is born to the dance of the Magyar be joyful;

Strength and vigor are his, inspiring his spirit with firmness.

PHILLIS.

Még most teljes orczáimon.

UPON two cheeks of sunny glow
Two lovely living roses grow ;
While flung o'er alabaster rocks
I see thy wandering auburn locks.

A paradise is round me, where
All, all is smiling, bright, and fair :
I am the heir of joy. Advance,
O heart ! to thine inheritance.

From laughing love and song and jest,
From blessing, I would fain be blest :
Bliss flaps my soul on every breeze,
And am I blest with thoughts like these ?

I breathe the balmy breath of youth,
I have no cause for restless ruth ;
Why should I not enjoy the peace
Which sooths our mortal recklessness ?

The dove that flits about the groves,
Is he not blest ? He loves, he loves ;
And wheresoe'er he takes his flight,
A sweet voice sooths him to delight.

MY PORTION.

Partra szállottam. Levonom vitorlám'.

WHAT though the waves roll awfully before me—
Quicksands and tempests—from the Ocean border
Calmly I launch me, all my sails unfurling,
 Laughing at danger.

Peace has returned, I drop my quiet anchor,
Beautiful visions have no power to charm me—
Welcome the wanderer to thy cheerful bosom,
 Land of retirement !

Are not my meadows verdant as Tarentum ?
Are not my fields as lovely as Larissa ?
Flows not the Tiber with majestic beaming
 Through my dark forest ?

Have I not vines and golden corn-ears dancing
In the gay winds, and doth not heavenly freedom
Dwell in my dwelling ?—Yes ! the gods have given me
 All I could envy.

Fate may indulge its infinite caprices.
Sheltered from want, unconquerable courage
Trains me to look secure, serene, contented,
 Up to the heavens.

Thou, thou, my lyre ! if thou dispense thy blessings
Bright on the tortuous pathway of existence,
Deserts shall smile, wastes wax them into gladness,
Charm'd by thy music.

Place me among the eternal snows of Greenland,
Place me among the burning sands of Zaara,
There shall your bosoms warm me, gentle Muses,
Here your breath freshen.

SPRING.

A tavasz, rózsás kebelét kitárva.

O'er all the earth he spreads birth-giving ether,
Waking to life what wintry cold had frozen,
Calling to joy, and budding into being,
Countless creations.

Flora attends him with her smiles of beauty,
Scattering before him violets and roses ;
Laughter and love and bliss, and all the graces,
Follow his footsteps.

BUCZI EMIL.

BORN 1784.

Az érezésnek
Szentelem én ezt.

BUCZI.

THE LITTLE TREE.

Oh Dryas ! Keggyel mosolyogj ezen kis.

DRYADS ! smile sweetly on the tree I planted ;
Call forth its blossoms—shelter it from tempests ;
I have that tree to Sympathy devoted ;
Smile on the tribute.

Smile, ye good angels ! Fling your deeds of virtue
On the uncovered bosom of misfortune ;
Fling your soft arms of charity around it ;
To your breast press it.

SPRING'S TERMINATION.

Ah melly borongó felleg emelkedik.

WHAT a black cloud is gathering in heaven's dome !
From the blue dome the fierce rain dashes downward,
And the Septentrion furies, rushing wildly,
Visit with ruin all earth's loveliest things.

Lo ! the rose droops upon its wounded stem—
The rude shower breaks the beautiful cup of odours
Hung on the emerald pillar—and the lilies
Bend down their snowy heads, and weep, and die.

E'en the sweet solitary violet, crush'd,
Scatters no more its wonted dews of fragrance
O'er the dark forest turf. All, all departed,
All the transporting charms of early spring.

THE FOREST.

DEEP in the stillness of the solemn forest
Peace sings her hymns of solitude, Apollo !
While the light zephyrs, listening to the music,
Glide along slowly.

Through the green boughs what friendly spirits vibrate
Round the old roots what gentle streamlets murmur !
Brightening with influence full of joy and beauty
Life and its struggles.

I, when I look upon those lovely meadows—
Streams full of light—and hymn-impassioned songsters—
Forests and flowrets—feel that woe's oppression
Smites me no longer.

Shades of the forest ! to your calm recesses
Pride never wends, nor passion. When the branches
Of your green trees are fluttering in the breezes,
Bear me their freshness.

MERIT.

Rettenthetetlen lelked' az érezés^v.

ONWARD! still onward! in the path of duty,
On to the goal—guard every sacred feeling.
What though the deeds of most heroic virtue,
Impudent folly tarnish with her slander?

Bear thee on boldly—Virtue's gloomiest cypress
Shading, shall shield thee. Hate may hide thy greatness,
Envy torment thee, but thy patriot actions,
Blessing thy country, shall endure for ever.

Think not that envy can destroy the temple
Rear'd to thy glory. Merit wreathes the garland
Fated for thee; mankind shall be thy judges,
Covering thy name with an undying honour.

SZEMERE PÁL.

BORN 1785.

Ah, jój, 's ringassd el e' nagy kínokat.

SZEMERE.

TO HOPE.

Szelíden, mint a' szép esttűnemény.

THOU smilest on me like an evening ray,
Or like the lovely Eos. When thou smilest,
All fate's dark enmity thou reconcilest,
And grief and sighing sadness glide away.
My house was whelmed in desolate decay,
Midst mists, and storms, and torrents. Art thou nigh me ?
For time brings gloomy thoughts as time flits by me,
And my heart is a field of battle-fray.
Come, cradle all my sorrows into rest !
And, like Endymion, in his rosy garden
Bless me with dreams, and be mine angel warden,
As Cynthia his ; and as that waking boy
Found himself breathing into Dian's breast,
So be thou mine—mine own sweet bride and joy !

ISABEL.

Szökdelve, mint hullám közt a' halak,

Joyous as the wild squirrel in the forest,
Or in the dancing waves the silver eel,
Till thou, to the bright heaven, in which thou soarest,
Didst fascinate my footsteps, Isabel !
O, I was happy—now, alas ! thou pourest
A stream of sorrow into my heart's well ;
And hill and valley's echoes wake the sorest
Of all the pangs of grief ineffable,
That thou—thou art another's—that sad thought
Breaks up my heart—and o'er my being flings
The deepest clouds of darkness—they have brought
Garlands of flowers to crown thee at the shrine
Of Hymen. Joy the marriage-anthem sings—
Yet they have brought thee not a love like mine.

THE HAPPY PAIR.

Egy titkos ah felém, 's egy elpirúlat.

I HEARD a gentle breathing, like a sigh,
I saw a quiet smiling, like the dawn,
A bosom heaving 'neath th' o'ershadowing lawn,
Half hidden, half unveil'd. A raptur'd cry
Broke from me—"Yes! 'tis thou :" and then I flung
My arms around thee, and in passionate bliss
Joy followed joy, and kiss gave way to kiss,
And rapture fetter'd both—and thus she sung:
"Thou I so long have sought for, thou art mine;
Thine is the maiden's sweetest kiss, and thine
All that the maiden's heart and soul possess."
I listen'd—and such flutterings of delight
Shook all my senses, I was silent quite—
Thoughts overpower'd expression. Could they less?

ECHO.

Hallgatsz, 's csak sóhajtásid lengenek.

THOU art mute, all but thy sighing—and the tear
Rolls down thy cheek its sad and silent way ;
And thou dost turn to mortal men, and say,
“ Pour out your sympathy, and sooth me here.”
Thou dreaming, hapless creature ! learn, that they
Will turn on thee a cold and listless ear ;
And thou thy gloomy pilgrimage mayst steer
Through mists and storms and sorrows. They are gay,
However dark thy grief ; no sympathy
Is in their breasts. But come, O come to me,
Who am a mourner too—and I will mourn
With thee. Hath death distress'd thee ? Tell the name
Of thy lost love—I will repeat the same,
And we will weep together o'er her urn.

[This is the only poem in the Magyar language of which I remember to have seen an English translation. It will be found in Toldy's Handbuch der Ungarischen Poesie, Vol. II. p. 426.]

DÖBRENTEI GÁBOR.

BORN 1786.

When, wandering in Hungaria's land,
I sought a firm and friendly hand
 To guide me through the path unknown—
I, 'midst the Magyar Muses' throng,
Leading the Magyar sons of song,
 Heard—would I could resound !—thine own.

J. B.

THE ENTHUSIAST AND PHILOSOPHER.

Hogyan tehát?

Enthusiast. “ Is’t thus ?
And if not thus, say how ?
For a wild fire is burning in my bosom,
Which I can quench not—which I cannot guide.
I strive to build the fair—to build the fairest
Upon the wise—as thou would teach me ; I
Would blend my spirit and my heart in one,
Making my hymn both beautiful and strong ;
That it may teach—and teaching, may transport
With eëstasy. I ask, with prayerful tear,
My way to fame’s bright goal : thou hast the crown—
Teach me to win and wear it—I beseech thee,
With passionate longings I beseech thee—say,
Say—thus ? Ah, no ! ’tis sweet—but not successful.
I cannot reach the bourn—and life to me
Is melancholy waste of life !”

Philos. “ Give thy feelings ample room,
Time shall soon disperse their gloom.
When bound in snows the wild-stream leaves its bed
Murmuring ; and as it maddens bears along
Rocks, mud, and forest-branches, cans’t thou see
Young flowers, and the blue heaven upon its face ?

Thou turns't away in sadness from its waves
So troubled—for 'tis purity that charms,
And quiet. Think on this, and be at rest.
The muse is a soft maiden, whose bright wand,
Whose odorous ringlets, flinging light around,
Thy lips may kiss. She is not wooed by fierceness,
But turns, deep blushing, to her own sweet self,
From the wild turbulent grasp of stormy thought.

“ Glow—but glow *not* with blind and savage heat ;
Approach, with gentleness, and she will wake
Her own responses from thy feeling breast ;
Her bright eye will enkindle loveliest light,
Thy soul transporting. Gently, gently come,
And she shall press thee to her breast—that breast
So soft, so warm—and gently kiss her lips ;
Her breath shall then impregnate thee—her fires
Bear thee aloft above a thousand stars,
And summon from thy soul harmonious songs.”

HUSSAR SONG.

Sírtál, Anyám, egykor értem.

MOTHER ! dost weep that thy boy's right hand
Hath taken a sword for his father-land ?
Mother ! where should the brave one be
But in the ranks of bravery ?

Mother ! and was it not sad to leave
Mine own sweet maiden alone to grieve ?
Julia ! where should the brave one be
But in the ranks of bravery ?

Mother ! if thou in death were laid,
Julia ! if thou were a treacherous maid ;
O then it were well that the brave should be
In the front ranks of bravery.

Mother ! the thought brings heavy tears,
And I look round on my youth's compeers ;
They have their griefs and loves like me,
Touching the brave in their bravery.

Mother ! my guardian ! O be still ;
Maiden ! let hope thy bosom fill ;
Királ* and country ! how sweet to be
Battling for both in bravery !

Bravery—aye—and victory's hand
Shall wreath my Sákí† with golden band—
And in the camp the shout shall be,
O ! how he fought for liberty !

* Királ—King.

† Sákí—the French military cap.

RULES AND NATURE.

Olvasom a' regulát, mint kell ezt írni 's amazt is.

MANY a rule have I read of this way of writing and t'other,
Chilling and harassing dogmas that dry up the sources
of thought.

Give me the burst of the heart, the spirit's emphatic out-
pourings;

They can awaken my soul, and bid the tear gush from
mine eye.

Read and inquire—'tis wise to learn the commandments;
then open

The sluice of thy soul, and its streams shall flow forth in
their glory and power.

KISFALUDY KARÓLY.

BORN 1790.

Par nobile fratrum.

Minden öröm hangot szűl, a' bu 's fajdalom ismét,
A' kikelet' zöldjén zeng philoméla panaszt.
Ott, hol erő 's szerelem párúl, nincs messze az ének :
A' nyelv dalra fakad, hogya vezérli szived.

KISFALUDY K.

LIFE AND FANCY.

DARK-VESTED spirits
Hidden in vapours,
Point out and fashion
Man's gloomy journey ;
Thro' his life's myst'ries,
Heartless and silent,
Over his path-way
Sharp thorns they scatter,
And with cold grasp
They fling the poor mortal
In the rough ocean
Of time's dreary desert.
Loud-foaming billows,
Stormy winds struggling,
Whelming and whirling
Life's little bark ;
Now on the wave-top
Flung in their fury,
Up to the clouds ;
Now in abysses
Yawning destruction,
Deep as the grave :
Fearful the struggle—

With furies unbridled,
Wresting and wrestling
In the fierce storm.
Now with swoln bosom
Drives he for land,
Out of the darkness
Dawning—but distant,
Hope with her smiles
Looks from the strand.
Lo ! an Aurora,
Promising beauty,
Pours out bright dew-drops
Fluttering with bliss ;
Nay ! granite mountains,
Spurn back the ocean :
Warm is the contest—
Back with the waves—
And they roll fiercer,
While with strong passion
Stronger and stronger
Strives the poor swimmer ;
One drop of water,
Fresh, pure, and sparkling,
One—and one only,
Vainly to reach.
Serpents cling round him,
Laughing like demons
Most when he writhes ;
Doubts dreary tempests

Rattling above him
Chase the sweet dreamings
Justice and virtue
Waked in the frozen
Shrines of his soul.
Wild he looks round
On the desolate world.
Shadows attend him
Beckoning and trembling,
Mists, glooms, and terrors,
Flit o'er the waste.
One ray of lightning
Now and then brightning
O'er his griefs' gloom ;
When his eyes weeping
In the vast void
Sees hope-directed—
 The tomb.
Light is descending;
See, from the clouds,
Dovelets attending,
A goddess appears !
Waked by her glances,
Beautiful spirits
Flit in their transports
Through the gay scene ;
Dew-drops of heaven
Shine in her eyes,
Seraphs of brightness

Bend from the skies,
And Edens of bliss
Out of deserts arise.
The winds sport together,
In gentleness blending
O'er flower-sprinkled fields
Their cups full of honey,
Their lips of perfume,
They dream of delight ;
All nature is laughing,
And e'en the grave's height
Has its bloom.
Man waxes divine,
And is wasted above ;
In spring and in beauty,
In brightness and virtue,
He clasps to his bosom
Young nature—in love.
He feels that his lot
Is immortal ; the fire
Of the Godhead within him
Is burning—still burning,
And thought ever turning
To prospects eternal,
Eternal desire.
His dust may not waken
Till heavenly breath
Has melted the fetters
Of darkness and death.

He lies on the border,
Faint—helpless—till fancy,
That sweet mate of reason,
Hath broken his fetters,
And led him to light.
And still let her flight
Be unbridled—beyond
The precincts of vision,
Her glories still weaving
In beauty and light.

AGES OF LIFE.

Gyöngén ringatva jó anyank' ölében.

Mid smiling friends and sports, far, far from sorrow,
Hanging around a mother's lap, we play
In the bright sunshine of our childhood's morrow,
Nor dream of any darker future day :
We smile on smiling hours that pass, and borrow
No gloom from all the mists that dim our way ;
But rise and fall on every floating wave,
And with each image sweet communion have.

Each blessed sunbeam in that glorious time
Wakes us to never-palling jests and joys ;
And transport—in those days, unstained by crime,
Flings all around her, roses—nor annoys
Our innocent paths with pains. Though not sublime,
Yet sweet as honey dew, the hours when boys
Dance on the emerald grave-heaps of the dead,
And upward, heavenward, all their footsteps tread.

And now the bud of lovely Hope is bursting,
And a new life its streams of passion pours ;
And, like sweet, shadowed dreams, which fancy nurs'd in
Our parents' bosoms, all the household shores

Which seemed so bright and beautiful at first, in
Dimness are shaded. Yet the spirit soars
To something far above its narrow cell,
And seeks with brighter thoughts than earth's to dwell.

There is an impulse bidding us break through
Our prison's bounds : a world before us lies
Gladdened with glories fascinating, new,
And fragrant flow'rs and lovely fantasies :
So the soul waxes strong, and to pursue
Its noble destiny and high emprise
Will wrestle with all foes—all storms will meet,
Crushing all disappointments 'neath its feet.

The spirit feels its dignity of birth
And destination, in the mighty strife
It holds with all the storminess of earth :
It bends not to the yoke of mortal life,
But strives at something greater—feels a dearth
In worldly luxury—in aspirings rife
It mounts on mightier wings than time's—and flies
To heights which o'er heaven's highest torches rise.

It clads itself in purple like the morn's,
And walks in its imperial dignity—
Dives to the deepest seats of thought—adorns
The very dreamings which around us lie—
Wakes images of light and beauty—scorns
Th' infirmities of human destiny,

Pointing to hope's own pyramid sublime—
A watch-tower o'er the waves and storms of time.

First, youth's pure love develops the high source
 Of intellect within him—gives it wings
Heavenward to urge its passion-prompted course.
 While to his breast the lovely loved-one clings,
Into one maddening moment is the force
 Of all existence flung—and angel-wings
Are borrowed for a time—while Hymen's breeze
Was two united spirits' harmonies.

And so sweet chains surround us till we die,
 And when we die, we sleep—we toil, we rest :
The visions of life's morning-twilight fly—
 Grief cools the life-blood boiling in our breast—
The buds are blown away—the fruit is nigh—
 And man by time's strong urgency is press'd.
On, on to labor—duty must be heard ;
She speaks in majesty the mighty word,

“ Country !”—the invaders on her bosom tread :
 Up to the field—he stands among the brave ;
His cheeks with freedom's roseate glow are red,
 And he is there to sink, or there to save.
Amidst the ghastly forms of death, no dread
 Is his—indifferent if a hero's grave
Or garland wait him—if he dies, or lives,
Some brighter pledge he to the future gives.

Trembles? He trembles as the granite trembles,
Lashed by the waves; for the courageous heart
Bastions of brass around its shrines assembles,
Which snap or spurn away the sharpest dart.
Duty becomes delight, toil joy resembles,
And health and bliss are labor's better part;
While love for lovely women—and for friend
Friendship—and tenderness for children—blend,

Blend in a beauteous light. Creation's power
Flings radiance on the soul, and leads it on,
Firm as a column, through its mortal hour,
Stretching for higher recompense. Anon
Both heaven and earth their benedictions shower
On that which is their kindred, and hath won
Their own reflection—while its torch will light
Through the world's darkness and its own dark night.

So speed we—so we sink—so disappear—
So fades our little lamp—and so we fade.
Winter will scatter snow-storms on our bier,
And midnight mantle darkness round our head—
And graves will yawn—and death, with frown austere,
Fill up our hearts with ashes of the dead—
And joy will be a grief—and lust will pall—
And all be tasteless, hopeless—heartless all.

And all life's painted shadows disappear,
While solitude puts out her frozen hand

To lead us, hapless, to that unknown sphere
Which ignorance has called the promised land,
And blindness, peace. Cold mistiness is there,
Clouding around that superhuman band
Which shines like moonlight rays upon the waves,
And rears green altars over mouldering graves.

It may be—nay ! it is—a sleep as sweet
As ever infant slept. 'Tis more : to hope
Is nothing—confidence and faith are meet
For mortals : there is an eternal scope
For immortality. When death we greet,
We greet a resurrection—and we ope
Heaven's mansions, making room for other mortals
As death wafts our poor ashes through life's portals.

SOUND OF SONG.

Minden örööm hangot szűl, a' bú 's fájdalom ismét.

Joy has its voice—so has grief ! There are eloquent tears ;
and deep sorrows
Melt into songs—in the fields which grow green the sweet
nightingale sings ;
Genius and Love never meet but the spirit of music is near
them ;
When the heart speaks, lend thine ear—lend thine ear, for
its language is song.

KÖLCSEY FERENZ.

BORN 1790.

Néktek szent legyen e' lant : 'Amor, Grátia, Phœbus.
Hangját Phœbus adá, tüzit 'Amor, Grátia báját.

KÖLCSEY.

LOVELY LENKA.

Szép Lenka vár a' part felett.

HE lingers on the ocean shore,
 The seaman in his boat ;
The water-spirit's music o'er
 The ruffled wave doth float.
“ Maiden of beauty ! counselled be,
The tempest wakes from out the sea.”

“ I may not stay,” the maiden cried,
 “ Tho' loud the tempest blow ;
That meadow on the water side—
 That cottage—bids me go.
That shady grove, that murmurs near,
Invites me—he I love is there.”

“ The wave is high—the storm is loud,
 And dangers rise anon.”—
“ But hope sits smiling on the cloud,
 Storms drive the vessel on.
And joy and sorrow both convey
Man's mortal bark along its way.”

Into the seaman's boat she stept,
 The helm the seaman took ;
The storming billows fiercely swept,
 And all the horizon shook.

The maiden spoke—“ Ye fears, be gone !
The storm-wind drives the vessel on.”

“ O maiden ! darker is the sky,
And fiercer is the wind ;
Alas ! there is no harbour nigh,
No refuge can we find.
A whirlpool is the angry sea,
It will engulf both thee and me.”

“ No, seaman ! fortune always shone
And still will shine on me ;
Soon will the stormy clouds be gone,
And sunbeams calm the sea,
And evening bring the promised dove,
And evening guide me to my love.”

She turned her to the distant strand,
(He stood upon the spot)—
In sweet delirium stretched her hand,
And winds and waves forgot.
So is love’s spirit overfraught
With love’s intensity of thought.

He stood—a statue on the shore,
A pale—ice-hardened form :
The billows battling more and more,
And louder waxed the storm.
Clouds—waves, all mingled—and the boat ?
Its scattered planks asunder float.

Where is she ? Ask the storm ! for he
No single tear has shed ;
And he ? Go ask the silent sea—
Its echoes answer “ Dead ! ”
I held communion with its waves,
But could not find the lovers’ graves.

BOAT SONG.

Ültem csolnakomban.

O'ER th' unsteady wavelets
I my boat sped,
Heard the crane's wing fluttering
Over my head ;
Thou, heaven's pilgrim, flying
O'er land and sea,
Would it were my privilege
To fly with thee.

Wisely art thou seeking
Some fairer clime,
Springtide's vernal beauties,
Summer's bright time ;
Thy blest track I follow,
With thee I roam,
Seek a better country
And a sweet home.

Seek a home of sweetness
'Neath heaven's blue,
Where no winter darkens,
No noisome dew :

Where are lovely rainbows
Made by hope bright,
Morning waking morning,
Glorious in light.

Thro' the verdant branches,
Soft west-winds sigh ;
Near my hut a streamlet
Glides gently by.
Boat ! may God be with thee—
Thou stormy strand !
See my sweet one calls me,
Waving her hand.

O'er th' unsteady wavelets,
I my boat sped,
Heard the crane's wing fluttering
Over my head;
Fly, thou heavenly pilgrim,
O'er earth and sea,
But my fate forbids me
To fly with thee.

TO FANCY.

COME, bright-eyed Fancy, smiling, and unlock me
Those dreamy regions where thou reignest yet ;
In thy bright cradle curtain me and rock me,
As Venus rocks young Cupid, her sweet pet.
As through life's dark and solitary forest
I tread, surround me with thy balmy air ;
Let the glad notes of melody thou pourest,
Be like the nightingales' that warble there.

Dreaming upon thy lap, I call the maiden
Mine, who is mine no longer—and am blest ;
Dreaming upon thy lap—though sorrow-laden,
I find in silent tears the thought of rest.
Thou misery's burden wondrously dost lighten,
And minglest joy with such creative power,
That shadow'd doubts, to hope, to rapture, brighten,
And patience dawns upon the troubled hour.

A dark blue veil upon the future lowers,
And hides my coming doom—in vain I gaze ;
While from my heart a flame of light uptowers,
Flinging its radiance o'er departed days.

The present's narrow limits swiftly widen,
And joy drives sorrow from the path of life ;
Sweet roses bloom beneath my feet unbidden,
While beauty takes the seat of woe and strife.

Then come the sylphids on their downy pinions ;
Then bows Favonius from his cloudy throne ;
Joy builds a shrine in the green earth's dominions,
And I hang smiling o'er my loving one.
So lives the butterfly—amidst the blisses
Of the fresh breeze enamour'd—on his bliss ;
So—the sweet lips of balmy flowers he kisses,
Flowers that give back again his eager kiss.

TÓTH LASZLÓ.

BORN 1793—DIED 1820.

Tövis közt nyíltanak ibolyáid
'S te dal-hős hattyúként zengél felettek,
Sírtak sokan, sirtak minden kik szerettek,
'S koráu némültak édes ajkaid.
Felbájlád a' Helle név' titkait,
A' hősek tetti Pharuszkent vezettek,
Magas zengtökben húrjaid repedtek,
'S csak a' sír szellő sírja karjaid.
Harmoniává lettek zengeményid,
A' szellemnek lehúlt por-bilincse
Üldözve hogy könnyét többé ne hincse.
Szárnyakra keltek hajnalló reményid
Dagadt kebledből szét folyt-éneked
*S itt a' Hou ott Múzsád font díjt neked.

KOVACSÓCZY.

GODDESS OF YOUTH.

Téged üdvözlek, kegyes Isten Aszszony.

GODDESS benignant—Hera's lovely daughter
Hebe ! rewarder thou of deeds heroic—
Bride of Heracles—he who in Olympus
Gloriously won thee.

Praise waits on thee—who on the Gods outpourest
Blessings—thy nectar gives renewing beauty ;
Kindling fresh life for him to whom thy goblet,
Smiling, thou givest.

Jove is immortal ; but as years roll onwards,
Joyous he drinks of the perfumed ambrosia ;
Nectar of heaven—though by thy fair hand proffered,
Zeus despiseth.

Pour it for me, for me, beloved Goddess !
Give me some drops of thy delicious nectar ;
Joyful I'll wing me, for departure ready,
E'en in youth's spring-time.

THE PLAYFUL EROS.*

I WAS a boy, and a beautiful maid was my friend and companion ;
 Hers was I then—but no passion had yet been aroused in our breasts.
 Love found us sporting, and flung his smiles and his glances as wonted.

ΕΡΩΣ ο παισι στυμπαισων.

Παῖς ἔτι ὡν ἐφίλουν καύραν τινα, καὶ μ' ἐφίλασεν
 'Α κόρα, οὐδὲ πυρὸς ἡσθόμεθ' ἐν κραδίᾳ.
 Ἡλέε δ' ο παῖς Κύπριδος, καὶ συμπαίσουσι παριστάς

A' JÁTSZÓ EROSZ.

Egy lyánynak voltam gyermek lettemre barátja,
 'S ö az enyém : szívünk nem tuda semmi tüzet.
 Küprisz gyermeké játszva talált's kért nyájasan egykor :

* The Greek compositions of Toth have been much admired, and I take this occasion to give the original of one of them, with his Magyar version.

“ Friends ! may a stranger,” he said—“ may a stranger take part in your sports ?”

“ Come !” cried we both ; but the sports that he taught us were speedily alter’d ;

Loving together we played, but childish companions no more.

Συμπαῖζειν ἡμῖν αν ξένος ἤτετο.
 Δεξάμεν' οὖν τὸν παιδό, ὁ δε παίγνια καὶνὰ διδάξας
 Ἡμειψεν φιλίαν εἰς ἔρον ἡμετέραν.

Engednők köztünk játszani őt idegent.
 Els fogadók : de azonnal ő új játékra tanított,
 ’S játszánk már szeretők, nem csupa társak együtt.

SZENTMIKLÓSSY ALOJS.

BORN 1793.

Csak méhként ízleld mézét e' gyeuge viragnak.

SZENTMIKLÓSSY.

LOVE'S FESTIVAL.

THERE are dark clouds upgathered in the heavens,
And the full moon can hardly look them through ;
All nature sleeps, wrapp'd round in misty dew,
And the stars shine not, while in slumber's arms
All find repose ; life's heavy load forgot.

All ? No ! I in the green shade slumber not ;
For a transporting hope holds all my soul,
Round me the fragrant clouds of Jasmines roll.
'Twas here—'twas here she spoke at eventide ;
Here said, Farewell ! And will she come again
When fair Chitona fills her lamp ?—In vain
I wait—that lamp is filled. Where tarries she ?
Impatience, weary of her lingering, stands,
And doubt comes on the mind o'erwhelmingly.

She comes ! she comes !—I hear the rustling leaves ;
Nay, 'twas the trembling which my sighs awaken,
As gliding thro' the branches idly shaken ;
They rouse delusive thought, which only grieves.
What, what forbids her to these arms to flee !
Why would she make of love a mockery ?
Why will she trifle with my misery ? Why ?
O ye warm-breathings of my bosom—plaints
Of deepest-drawn emotion—hasten—fly—

Break on her proud repose—arouse and melt
Her frozen sympathies—awake, inspire
The sleeping passion, the concealed desire,
And make her feel what I so long have felt.

What ! do I feel those round and beauteous arms,
White as the snows, enfolding me ? 'Tis thou !
O thou art pouring streams of transport now,
And my heart beats 'gainst thine—O how it beats !
The raptures of thy spirit mine repeats—
And misery flies from mine exalted brow.

From thy sweet looks what peace and calmness flow !
The clouds are all departing,
And from thine eyes a flame of beauty darting,
Kindles the stars. The heaven's bright blue
Smiles like a Lotos flower, and nightingales
Float their rich harmonies,
While odorous flow'r-sweets hang amidst the trees,
And silver-voices, in tuned madrigals,
Hang on the wings of love, breathing delight ;
All joy and blessings all—while this sweet place
Anadiomen's temple is—to lull
Our spirits to a rest so beautiful,
That here we may build up that temple bright
Where love's best incense shall the altar grace.

THE FLOWER-GATHERER.

Kisded virágos.

THE lovely Chloe plucks a rose
From the gay garden where it grows,
And from its cup a wild bee flew,
Which from her lips drank honey too.
I heard it whisper, “ This perfume
Is sweeter far than flow'ret's bloom.”
Be gone, I say, thou miscreant bee !
That odorous cup is not for thee ;
Those lips are sacred unto one ;
Those sweets distill'd for me alone.

MY WISH.

'Aon' berkeiben zaj nélkül folyjon-el étem.

TRANQUIL my love shall glide o'er the pastures Aonian,
Like to the crystal stream by verdant myrtles o'ershaded ;
Tho' a dark cloud sometimes may spread o'er heaven its
mantle,

Love, like the sun, shall chase its fugitive darkness ; and
calmly

Waiting the end, I'll look with cheerful eye on the future.
Sinking at last in peace in the lovely arms of the maiden,
Springs on my grave shall wake their ever-reviving
beauties,

Sweet forget-me-not shall bloom where my body reposes.

TO MY FAIR ONE.

Hogy szórhat villámot, bár mosolyogjon is, a' menny.

THAT heaven with smiles sends lightning flashes out,
No one who sees thy lips and eyes can doubt.

THE MISTAKE.

THE spring is come ! the spring is come ! I heard the
nightingale rejoice ;
List to his warblings. O deceit ! it was my Lollis' silver
voice.

VÖRÖSMARTY MIHÁL.

BORN 1800.

Vörösmarty's Leistungen gehören zu den merkwürdigsten Erscheinungen in der neuern Ungarischen Litteratur.

SCHEDEL, *Iris*, 1825, p. 207.

LOVELY MAID.

Hő, vagy hab, vagy csillag rémlik.

Is't snow, or star, or wavelet,
In the valley's depth that plays ?
'Tis neither—but a meteor
That sparkles—that betrays.

Neither snow, nor star, nor wavelet,
Is crown'd with ringlet hair ;
But a maiden crown'd with ringlets,
Bathes in the streamlet there.

With grace beyond expression
She bows her lovely head ;
Her hand holds up a flow'ret,
By those sweet waters fed.

The wind is whispering secrets
Into that maiden's ear ;
The branches trembling round her,
Seem all attracted near.

How swiftly would I bend me,
Were I but one of these !
How fondly would I kiss her,
Were I a heavenly breeze !

Around her beauteous members,
Delighted fishes play ;
The rivulet, hush'd to silence,
Long tarries on its way.

Still longer should I tarry,
Were I that silent stream ;
But midst those fish to revel,
Would be the bliss supreme.

Ne'er would I leave those waters,
Where tread that maiden's feet ;
But kiss and kiss untiring,
And die in bliss so sweet.

But how ! my eyes deceive me ;
This dream—tho' bright it be—
Is but a mortal likeness
Of one less fair than she.

As in her beauteous shadow,
All earthly beauties fade ;
So fades the maid's fair shadow,
Before the fairer maid.

'Twas but a feeble picture,
'Twas but a shadow rude,
That playing in the wavelets,
In maiden beauty stood.

Far lovelier in her sorrow,
On the ocean strand afar,
She stood—of love and feeling
The more than magic-star.

CSERHALOM.

Néma borogással megy az őskor' lelke, fölötted.

EXTRACT.

ROUND thee the soul of the past in the shadowy vapors of silence,

Cserhalom ! wanders. Thou needst no pillars of bronze in thy memory ;

Thou art a pillar thyself — a mountain of victory and battle. Nature thee reared in her might and her majesty—building Piles o'er ephemeral dust. No fugitive record of mortals Thou, for thy head tow'rs aloft, and will tow'r, through all ages undying—

Record and witness to tell of the fame of our valorous fathers.

Arpad's dominions were peril'd in Solomon's dangerous rule-time ;

Still it stood firm and unshaken—in strength of unperishing manhood's

Heroes undaunted : and most in the happier days of their concord ;

Countless their enemies' graves, as countless their enemies' armies.

Like a tall rock, that towers from the earth with a double-crown'd summit,
Reaching to heav'n—from the east and from west reaching upwards to heaven ;
Sunshine and day on its sides, while its brow is o'erturban'd in darkness ;
Round it the lightning plays till weary, like innocent childhood ;
Fixed are its roots in the earth, in its greatness and grandeur reposing :
Such was the land of Arpad, and the storms and the flashings of danger
Roll'd unmolestingly by—all harmless the rage and the thunder.
Then with his armies went forth, like the light-giving beam of the noon-tide,
Solomon Királ, with twain of the noblest and choicest of heroes,
Belá's descendants—wise Géza, and he of the battle-axe,
Laszló—
Laszló the terrible : both seemed bright as the blessing of heaven.
Courage and power were theirs, and the union of temperate prudence
Shielded the land from the day of precipitate fall and perdition.
Lingering is now the course of the struggle of Sajó and Mohacs ;

Tears flow forth from the eyes of the noblest son of his country,

Laszló. Doth Laszló tremble?—the brave, the terrible Laszló?

Cserhalom! thy proud brow is the proudest summit of triumph.

Prince of the Kunians, Ozül—now where, with thy passionate legions?

Backwards thy banners are blown with the breath of the north wind chilling:

Thrice hath thy steed wheeled round—he will not bear thee onward.

Look! for the birds of prey are screaming frightfully o'er thee,

Gathering together in crowds—the famishing broods are impatient,

Waiting to feed their fill of thy multitudinous warriors;

Lo! how they hasten now! for their glorious festival longing.

There, as the wolf invades the fold of the shepherd, and ruthless

Plunders, ravages, raves, 'midst the terror-struck flocks, till the sheep-dogs

Howl in the distance, the dogs with the spike-girded collars—the shepherd

Steps o'er the threshold, excited, the terrified robber pursuing,—

So in their murderous purpose the enemy came, and Nyerseg
Ravaged. Their footsteps of violence crushed all the fruits
of the Theiss, while

Blood spouted forth on her sands. Bihār saw the terrible
ruins—

Saw—'twas too late : death sat on the gloom-cover'd brows
of the valiant ;

Grey-headed men o'er the dead sigh'd despairingly ; all
their life-currents

Flow'd like a slow stream of bitterness. Babes on their
cradles disorder'd,

Wept in their innocent woe ; their mothers, Ozūl's cruel
bandits

Led bound in cords : heavy chains they fetter'd on youths
and on maidens,

Driv'n into slavery—slavery hopeless of any redemption.

There was old Ernyei shorn of his fortune—one treasure,
one only ;

She of the auburn hair—Etēlke—Etēlke the lovely :

Nay ! not Etēlke—how hollow and heavy the sound of
“ Etēlke !

“ O, had I delved thy grave, had I made thee a bed on the
silent

Bosom of earth, I had known it ! If whelmed in the stream
of the Danube,

Borne on the fawn-color'd waters, pursued by an army of
fishes,

Still I had known it ! If, gather'd in desolate sadness and
sorrows,

Youths round thy death-couch were crowded, still, still—

Shall my spirit

Sink in despair? No! I'll suffer and breathe resignation.

Blessed be God!—I look round me—I look—but mine eyes can see nothing.

Loudly I call—and I hear but the echoes. Tears fall on my bosom.

Groaning I ask, Doth a God still dwell in the precincts of heaven—

One who old Ernyei hears and pities? Or, visiting error,

Awfully flings he his bolts at the sins which stand blazing before him?"

So mourned the wretched old man, and buckled about him his weapons,

Trembling. The King rises up; and the fame-covered children of Belá

On to the field—'twas in haste and in gloom—they were girded for battle.

Round the hill, like clouds, the hosts of Ozül were collected:

He, 'neath gorgeous tent, was laid on magnificent carpets: Under his feet was his club; at his head was the battle trumpet;

Stuck on his spear his cap; but his sword to his side was belted;

Firm in his terrible hand the sheath: around him singers and dancers

Sported, and spread the spoil; while sad and beautiful women

Sung of Ozül's proud feats, and the horrible days of carnage.

Bönger's son alone, the stately one, Arbocz, scornful
Stood in the crowd, and flung his hate and his pride around him.

He, like the eagle watching the timorous brood, seems to linger

Most when most longing to pounce on the prey. In the silent

Rapture of joy and of fear in the circle he stood, where approaching,

Fair as a statue of marble, Etélke, the brown-hair'd, the lovely

Near'd. She looked round, if the dust of the plain by the army of Laszló

Rose—if her father were there with the well-known, the wind-flapping banners.

All, all was silence—all silence—except the loud tones of the mirthful.

Girdling thy limits, Cserhalom! and echo returned the rejoicings.

Laszló appear'd not then—the wind-flapping banner appear'd not,

Held by her father aloft: but, many a youthful one greeting,

Arbocz approach'd, whose eye was still fixed on the face of the maiden.

First was the silence broke by the voice of the dark-eyed
Kődör :

“ Beauteous is the swan, when calmly from heaven de-
scending

Towards his well-loved home from foreign and distant
waters :

Gracefully glides he on o'er his natural lake, while above him
Moon and stars scatter round their exquisite light-rays of
silver.

Thou, O Bönger's fortunate son ! the maiden is far more
lovely ;

Whiter her breast than the snowy down of the swan's
snowy bosom.

See, she weeps, she weeps. Go, Arbocz—the tears of the
mourner

Dry ; on her brows sits hot sweat—and see, for her fore-
head is burning.”

Frowningly look'd the son of Bönger, the stately one,
Arbocz :

“ Light-thoughted Kődör ! enough of such sportive and
frivolous language ;

Words such as thine may provoke—I can bear them an
instant—no longer.”

Kődör retired ; but there came a legion of boisterous com-
rades :

One thus laughingly spake : “ Arbocz, I pray, if thou love
me,

Sell me one smile of the prisoner. She turns—O how
lovely her motions !

Covering her brow — what a languishing look ! what a beautiful figure !

Exquisite grace when she stirs ! — 'tis the beautiful bend of the wavelet.

Speaks she ? Ten pieces of gold would I give for each word that she utters.

Give me her smile, and I'll give thee my bow with the costly adornings."

"Arbocz," another cried — " thou foolish one ! leave me an instant

Resting beneath the shade of her auburn hair, and my spirit

More shall joy than to steal the pearls of a thousand oceans."

Then a third appear'd and began : " Thou art far too flighty ;

I alone deserve an exquisite word to utter.

Maiden ! thou dost right well not to hide thy feet so lovely ; Beautiful they as the piles of the foam which the wind awakens :

Happy indeed were I, could I bow me down and kiss them.

May I not watch the print of her exquisite footsteps, Arbocz ?

Prints she leaves in the sands ; on my shield I'll engrave them, and bear them

Over the earth till I find a maiden whose foot-print shall match them."

Dember the strong, Czika's son, was of all the most mettlesome youth there ;

Rosy his cheeks, while his locks fell in light-color'd shocks
on his shoulders ;
Slender and tall was his form ; his glance was a sharp-
pointed dagger ;
Stormy his soul when the flame flashed forth of the good
and the lovely.
Forward he sprung—saw the maid—was astounded—and
eloquent language
Burst unprepared from his lips : “ Heaven certainly means
to chastise thee,
Arbocz, who steals its gems—or the maid steals its beauty
from heaven—
Punished on earth for a while. No woman e'er bore such
a beauty ;
Milk never fed her ; she drank alone the ambrosia of Eden.
Breezes play timidly round her, and exquisite dews of the
morning
Damp her fair cheeks, which are fairer—aye, fairer by far,
than Aurora's,
Aurora's that blush with deep hues of shame and of jealousy
mingled.
Look on her eye—it has nought that is earthly—'tis like a
black fragment
Torn from the midnight, and flung on the sun's burning
centre. Its glory
Not brighter than that of her glances. Speak, Arbocz !—
from morning I'll pray thee ;
Bring thee the sun and the torches of heaven to purchase
the maiden :

She is my life-giving day-light—beyond her all shadows
and darkness—

Darkness and nothingness all.” But the maiden stood
trembling in sorrow.

Arbocz tow’r’d up erect o’er the crowd ; he look’d on them
fiercely ;

Half unsheathe’d his sword while he spoke : “ Are ye more ?
Have ye finish’d ?

Babblers ! what would ye ? Have I—have I interrupted
your pleasures ?

Why will ye weary the ears with your childish and spirit-
less prattle ?

Fling yourselves off—far too long have I borne ye : and,
idle ones ! listen :

One—aye, one single word more of such insolent jeers,
and ’twere better,

Far better, the jeerer from birth had been blind and been
dumb ; for I’ll smite him

With blindness and speechlessness here on the spot where
he sports with his insults.”

Said—and the youths gather’d round the intemperate, pas-
sionate stormer :

Dember held fast his sword. Arbocz his harangue had but
ended

When the proud Ozül came forward, and glanced at the
maiden :

“ Truly, ’twas not in vain Arbocz in the battle-tents tarried ;
He guards a beautiful treasure : but list to the word of
Ozül now.

Give the maiden to me—and instead, take my daughter,
young Zeje ;

Rich is she in song, and bright as the brightest starlet;
Softer is she than dew—and never has slept on man's
bosom.

Five good battle steeds of the strongest, swiftest, and
youngest,

Saddled, with gold and with riches caparison'd, cheerfully
give I.

This—yes, and more, will I give to the fortunate hero who
wins her."

Swift did Bönger's son, the stately one, Arbocz, answer :
" Victory-crown'd Ozül ! I give thee all thanks and all
honor ;

Great is thy favor to me—to me, last and least of thy
heroes—

Offering thy Zeje. Forgive my rejection : in vain from
the maiden

Strive I to tear my heart; my heart she hath steadfastly
fetter'd.

Noble thy gifts, I own ; thy presents well worthy of princes ;
Yet, could thy battle steeds fly as swift as the swift winds
of heaven—

Were the trappings of gold pluck'd forth from the stars of
the concave,

Dazzling and glorious—in vain were they weigh'd in ex-
change for the maiden.

If ever dishearten'd in battle thou find me, produce her—
my courage

Will wake and be worthy of thee.” Thus Arbocz. Then answer’d the hero,

“ True, thou art proud; but thy pride shall enkindle no hatred towards thee:

Still, if thou long for the strife, being far more imprudent than valiant,

Know that my arm shall o’erwhelm thee, and give the fair maid to my servant.”

“ Never!” cried Arbocz—and, stinging with passion, he started and seized his

Sword, while his rage brought blood to his eye-balls, glaring with fury.

Ozūl withdrew with the youths. And such were the pleasant discussions

Gathering the people together. By Ernyei’s trump-call assembled,

Solomon’s armies came: in might with the troops of the monarch,

Géza was there, and the mighty one, Laszló: in furious disorder

Pour’d they, a river resistless, o’er Bihár’s all desolate borders.

Arbocz grew calm at last, though vexation was rife within him:

Spreading round him a mantle light, o’er his shield the striped skin of the tiger,

Then he dried the tears of the maiden with gentle endearment;

Low at her feet he sat, pouring words of love and of comfort.

Once did the maiden ope her pure and rose-tinged lips,
which

Breathed such beautiful tones, that the very breezes caught
them :

“ Hero ! thou wert begot by a strong and generous father ;
Born of a joyous mother at morning’s loveliest dawning.

Thou, thou didst grieve me not ; thou lettedst not others
grieve me ;

Soothing the prisoner’s pang, and easing the chains of
bondage.

So, when I utter prayer, and sink at the Deity’s footstool,
All thy fondest hopes shall mingle with my petitions.

Thee would I preserve in the bloody perils of battle ;
Thee, from the edge of the sword. Let thy destiny keep
thee from peril.

Hither, O hither, approach not. The lioness rearing her
cubs, the

Dragon that wastes the south, are milder when raging in
fury

Than the herd of the three-crown’d hill, than the fruitful
sons of Hunnia.

He rushes—they all arise—the youth are gather’d toge-
ther ;

Love’s very wreaths forgot in that fearful hour of danger.

Power, powerful though it be, by a mightier power is van-
quish’d :

Aggression but calls up more terrible aggression.
Prince of the battle-axe—he, the dreadful and terrible
smiter,
Laszló—he only—he goes with his army to fight and to
conquest.
Arbocz, behold! Well I know the troops of Ozül came to
ravage.
Perchance thou dost curse me—while I fain would find thee
a shelter of safety.
Fly! fly! I tell thee—aye, fly as far as thou canst—lest the
mountain
Cserhalom swallow thee up with the hosts of the overthrown
foemen,
Crush'd, blown away in the dust, by Solomon's far-spread-
ing army.
Come, rather lead me to dwell in the far distant hall of my
father:
He, white-hair'd old man, tears his hair in his sadness
and sorrow.
Come—when he sees us approach, he'll thank thee with
tears—O believe me!
Thank thee with tears—who restorest his daughter—and
cheerfully give thee
All that thou wilt to redeem me. Thy path is before thee
all darkness:
Stumbles thy war-steed there: it is cover'd with heaps of
the dying:
Birds of prey hover o'er. When the night and its clouds
are approaching,

Enemies gird thee round. ‘Who is here?’ thou inquirest.
No answer.

Look on Ozül, for the moon shines bright on his blood-cover’d forehead.

Nay! thou wilt save the child, the child of the snowy-hair’d hero;

Or wilt thou haste to the field, to the sorrow-clad field of thy brethren?’

Arbocz with gloomy heart to the words of the prisoner listen’d;

Still he repressed the storm of his easily-waken’d anger,
Look’d on the maiden’s face and answer’d her—“Lovely Etélke!

Dreams, vain dreams, are these: words never made heroes tremble:

Men, with murderous weapons, alone do this. But a maiden’s

Menace!—Nay! Roses close their beautiful lips till the morning

Warms their bosom anew with the light and joy of the sunshine;

Dews on the leaflets shake, and the winds of the valley blow gently;

Then unveil they their charms, then fling they their smiles around them:

So, if thou hide thy head in the clouds, the gloom is but transient;

Dark for an instant thine eyes, by those beautiful eye-brows o’ershaded;

Soon do they shine, as the rainbow the south-seeking sun
paints so gaily.

Sad art thou, maiden, and anxious—yet sportive and smiling thou seemest;

Lovelier far, and thy cheeks are more beautiful, hiding thy sorrow.

List, and I'll tell thee why Arbocz elected thee :—
Maiden !

Never again shall we reach the cherish'd abode of thy comrades.

Joyful they sit in the porch, while they hear the old song of the battle ;

Pledging some distant companion—not knowing how idly they pledge him

The death-glass—and he whom they pledge is departed for ever. We hasten

On, on ; and in faith all your heroes may cut through the far slower south-wind—

Follow the shadows that flit in the frown-curtain'd regions of darkness,

Stretching in giant stride, like ghosts that grow- huger in distance.

Truly, they never shall reach us ; and great is their fortune and favor,

Spared by our darts, which might bring them the message of death. But I'll bring thee

Home to some isle of the ocean, that smiles in the beams of the morning ;

Sweetest the song of the nightingale, greenest the leaves
of the forest,
Softest the sounds of the winds, and brightest the azure
of heaven :
Apples of exquisite taste hang there on the ground-kissing
branches.
Thee shall no bird overtake — faint and feeble the flight
of the eagle ;
Tracking our course, shall he droop on his whirling and
wearisome pinions.
Tiresome the way for man ; not one of a thousand can
pass it.
Even the man thou didst name, the man of the battle-axe,
dreadful
Laszló—aye, cleanse he thy land for his followers—know,
he shall perish,
Perish—and all the wave's monsters shall feed on the wrecks
of his armies.
He—when his armour of brightness invites the great fish
of the ocean,
Moving glibly on, while the soak'd and wandering members
Fall in his man-devouring maw—shall die. Dost grieve
thou art helpless ?
Nothing thy pride can do 'gainst power. Far better the
transports
Love will give in the grasp of an age of youthful vigor.
Scorn not bliss that asks thy welcoming, but dispose thee,
Maid, for love—my hand—my hand of faith do I proffer.

Say, wilt be the slave, or rather the sovereign, of Arbocz?"
Craftily thus he spoke, and bade her forget her country—
Bade her make him alone the care and love of her bosom.
Silly one! O'er the plain the armies of bronze are shining;
Dust in clouds upsoars, and crowds of heroes are coming.
"Talpra vitéz!" * exclaim'd Ozül in his haughtiest bidding;

"Talpra vitéz!" around Cserhalom's borders was echoed.
Shouts and cries were heard where the Kunians march'd
with their weapons.

Arbocz trembled then—looking round with fright and terror,

Like a sleeping man who is roused by the rumbling of thunder:

So he stood—and the dreams of his folly and lust were scatter'd;

Other thoughts were his than the thoughts of the fair Etélike.

Horrors came o'er his soul, like waves on the ocean troubled.

Soon did the armorist come—he came with his lance and charger.

Frighten'd, the lovely maid had hasten'd to meet him; yet pleasure,

Pleasure was in her soul, though tears in her eye—tears of gladness:

* On, Warriors!

Yet she wept—she wept; while, tossing his head in disquiet,

Arbocz wander'd round, made hoarse by the longing for combat:

All his gentleness gone, he utter'd these words of impatience:

“ Weeping, forsooth!—yet these, all these, to their death-bed are hast'ning.

Weep—thou shalt weep no more. Expect me delighted from battle.”

Said, and he sprung on his steed, and he rush'd 'midst the thick of the squadrons.

Hark ! for the trump is loud, and the combatant weapons are clashing;

Volumes of dust, shouts and cries, ascend from the crush of the warriors—

Tones of confusion and moans, and the manifold accents of passion.

Over the rest, Ozül, on his chestnut war-steed advancing, Speeds through the ranks, and lets loose destruction's terrible ploughshare—

Curses begetting rage, and devilish purpose of murder.

Soon the voice of joy is heard. On the top of Cserhalom's mountain,

Lo ! a valiant band, their arms in the high heavens shaking.

'Midst a terrible crowd is Etélke—the feeble young floweret;

Hope, with its sorrow-mix'd fear, and joy, in her spirit are
struggling.

Hard-hearted warriors surround her, wherever she turns for
protection :

Bending on trembling knee, she invokes the heavenly
Ruler.

Say, shall she perish ? In vain the question breaks forth
from her spirit.

Hear her, O Heaven ! in her bitterness—hear her : she
prays for her country.

Heaven ! thou hast heard her prayer—her country shall no
man wrest from her.

(196)

VERSEGHI FERENZ.

BORN 1757—DIED 1823.

Melly irígységből örömkünkbe szokta
Öntení mérgét.

VERSEGHI.

TO MY BELOVED.

Szedjük a' rozsát, valahol pirúlni.

PLUCK we the roses—let us pluck the roses,
O my sweet maiden ! when we find them blooming ;
While they are smiling 'midst their thorny branches,
Pluck we the roses.

Bright as they seem, the spirit of perdition
Sweeps them ere morning : shall we lose the transports
Now pressing round us, in the distant dreaming
Future may promise ?

All that we have is blended in the present ;
Chances and changes trifle with the future ;
Oft 'tis its task to mingle in joy's chalice
Drops of dark poison.

TO JUSTICE.

Vond-le már egyszer, sanyarú Igaszág !

DOFF the thick veil that hides thy lovely visage,
 Justice !—’tis time—the veil which in thy childhood
 Sages flung o’er thee—let us look upon thee
 In thine own beauty.

Kind was the thought—the countenance of evil
 Shouldst thou not see, for thou wert its condemner ;
 All the gold piles of wealth-encumbered proud ones,
 Thee should not dazzle.

Doff the thick veil—hide thy bright eye no longer ;
 Crime is too bold—look on in sternest beauty ;
 See, for mankind are dragged to basest doings
 By their own blindness.

Eyes sharp as thine are watching how thou holdest
 High o’er thy head the scale ; but listen, Goddess !
 Didst thou not hear a piece of gold that tinkled
 In thine own balance ?

Didst thou not know thy sword had lost its brightness ?
Trembled thy hand—the while a mighty villain
Whispered, and threatened thee with wrath and vengeance ?
Yes ! thy hand trembled.

Didst thou not know that thou hadst been deluded
By the vain pomp of words—hadst lost the *spirit*,
Seeking the *letter*, of thine holiest canon ?
Justice ! unveil thee.

Off with the veil—behold the heaven is cloudless,
And the sun mounts in unaccustomed glory ;
See, all mankind are seeing—wilt thou only
Wear thine old blindness ?

TRUE WISDOM.

Nézzd a' búzakalászt, büszkén emelodik az égnek.

EMPTY yet and green, that corn-ear tosses high its lofty
brow;

See it ripe and full and golden, bend in meek submission
now.

Such is boyhood in its folly—shallow, proud, and insol-
lent ;—

Such is manhood in its wisdom—modest, and in calmness
bent.

TO ENVY.

Szünj már meg egyszer buzgani ellenem.

HAUNT me not, Envy ! why wouldest thou follow me ?
Wealth's possessions I lust not after,
Nor tread with the crowd who chase so eagerly
Vanities which my thoughts despise.

Office I covet not—all the cravings
Of thirsting ambition delude me never ;
They smile on others ; but golden treasure
And noisy titles I idle deem.

Wealth amasses in countless storehouses,
Harvests—and power, its piles upgathering,
Holds the keys which long-lin'd ancestry
Sends like sceptres from son to son.

Lo ! it pours from crystal glasses
The juice Tokayan, which earth provided
For favorites, in her capricious restlessness.
Lo ! they smile while they quaff the cup ;

I, in narrow chamber, quiet
My hunger with poor supply ; and quenching
My thirst with water-drops, ask the Deity
None but humble gifts like these :

Wife that feels, and breeze refreshing me ;
Thoughts unanxious, and youthful spirits
When age comes on ; and friends of faithfulness
Ever renewing the verdant song.

ENDRÖDI JANOS.

BORN 1757.

Barátim, hát ! ne henyélyünk
A' kevésből sokat élyünk
Míg a' tátott sír békál
Rövid éltunk, mint e' dal.

A. KISFALUDY.

THE SUN.

CEASE thy reproaches, my friend, nor hastily blame me if,
weary,

Stretch'd on a pillow of down, I have tarried too long in
my slumbers ;

Say not, The sun is awake, and is mounting aloft to meri-
dian ;

Long, long before thee he rose ; but night is the time for
reposing.

Friend ! when the sun hastens down to the ocean at even,
what drinks he ?

When he seeks rest and sweet sleep, what drinks he ?
He drinks the salt billows ;

Had he but drunk of the grape which grew on Szeszgard's*
lovely vineyard,

He had not roused him so soon, but had slept to this
moment, my friend !

* Szeszgard is a village in the Tolna district, renowned for its superior red wine.

Magyar Nemzeti Dalok.

HUNGARIAN POPULAR SONGS.

The greater part of these compositions have been collected for me by the care and kindness of Dr. George Charles Rumy. A number had been gathered together by my valuable correspondent Döbrentei, but I regret to say that they have never reached me, and the disappointment has been vexatious to me in the extreme. The great difficulty of communication with Hungary and Transylvania will serve as an excuse for the incompleteness of this collection.

THE KISS.

Edes bába gyere ki.

COME hither, sweet maiden, come hither to me,
And bring of good wine a full measure with thee ;
And give me a kiss for the kiss I will give thee,
And do not deceive, and I will not deceive thee.*

Hasznos Mulatságok, No. XII., p. 89, 1818.

* Original. Adj egy csókot, en meg mast,
Ugy nem csaljuk meg egymast.

i. e. Give me a kiss, I will give thee another,
So shall we not deceive one another.

THE SHOWER.

Zápor eső^ü utan eszterhaj megesorchíl.

THE pent-house drops raindrops after the shower ;
And does thy heart spring up to mine,
Spring up to mine ?
No rain falls down, no storm-clouds lower,
But my sheep-skin is wetted through and through ;
Wet within, and without with dew.

Hasznos Mulatságok, No. XII., p. 89, 1818.

THE LITTLE AND THE GREAT BOY.

Mikor én kis gyermek voltam.

TIME was, I knew no greater bliss
Than to pluck walnuts from the bough ;
But sweeter maidens' lips to kiss
Alone can make me happy now.

TIME.

Az idő szárnyom jár.

TIME flies on eagle-wings away,
It will not for a moment stay,
 But like a stream glides on—glides on;
It never turns its footsteps back,
But sinks all ages in its track,
 And reigns and rules alone.
The poor, the rich, alike pursues ;
The poor, the rich, alike subdues ;
 Who can withstand it ? None !

There's only one whose mightier strength
The strength of time o'erpowers at length,
 And sits in quiet victory ;
Time's sickle mows it not ; time's flight
Brings nor decay, nor death, nor blight,
 But passes harmless by ;
There's only one—'tis virtuous fame,
Through shifting ages still the same,
 It shines eternally.

This poem was written in 1657.

THE BELOVED.

POPULAR SONG OF SHIMIG. (SOMO.)

A' kiliti falu végen.

ABOVE Kilite's * farthest verge
 I saw a heavenly star emerge ;
 A heavenly star, an earthly rose,
 That far its light and fragrance throws.

'Tis long—'tis ages since we met :
 The rain-drops fall from Kōmor yet.
 Thence comes my lover too—and see,
 He swings his *kalap*† joyfully.

Upon Siofo's quiet lake,
 Mark yonder dove its pinions shake ;‡
 What crowds around its margin tread !
 And why disturb the hazel maid ?

* Kilit is a village in the province of Shimig, about two English miles from Fok, on the other side of the Lake of Sio.

† Ernelgetí a' kalapját.
 He swings his hat.

‡ Siofoki Balatonba,
 Főrődik egy galambocska.

In the Balaton (Lake) of Siofo a Dove is bathing. *Golubochik.*
 (Russ.)

Soon will the flowers of May-tide come,
And then the vintage fruits speed home ;
And then the busy days of tillage ;
And then—and then—our happy village

The marriage song of joy shall hear,
The youth and maiden shall be there ;
Girt like a knight that youth shall be,
Beloved—O how beloved, by me !

Hasznos Mulatságok, No. XXXII., 1818.

THE FAIR AND THE BROWN MAIDEN.

Ég a' kunyhó, ropog a' nad.

THE house is burning—the timbers crack ;
I rushed to the maidens brown and fair ;
I brought the brown in safety back,
The fair I left in danger there.

And then I longed for the light-hair'd one,
As we long for grapes from the tendrill'd tree ;
But more, far more, for the maiden brown,
Who is dear as an apple is dear to me.*

Hasznos Mulatságok, No. XXXII., p. 281, 1818.

* Mint a' borizu almára.

SLAVONIAN DANCERESS.

Tót aszszonynak tót â lánya.

WITH maiden of Slavonian race,
Clad in light robes of flowing grace,
I danced—and got me in her dress
Entangled, by her flauntiness.

I tried, but scarce could set me free,
And blushed at my perplexity ;
Involved within the folds far more,
And in the fringes, than before.

And then I made a vow, and said,
I'll have no fringed Slavonian maid ;
Hungaria's plain-dressed girls for me,
Hungaria's chaste simplicity.

Hasznos Mulatságok, No. XLII., 1818.

REPROACH.

Fáj, fáj, fáj, fáj, fáj a' szivem, fáj.

IT smarts, it smarts, it smarts with pain ;
O my poor heart ! it smarts for thee ;
Thou wakenest to my memory,
And then it smarts, and smarts again.

Woe, woe, woe, woe !—my doom is woe ;
Thou fann'st my feelings into fire ;
And irony that's worse than ire,
Its venom o'er my wounds doth throw.

It weeps, it weeps— my heart it weeps
Far bitterer tears than when the bird
Its mate's imprisoned song has heard,
And its lone watch of sorrow keeps.

No ! no, no, no ! I will not wear
A monarch's gems—but rather hold
Love's chains of grief than pomps of gold,
And lay them on my bosom bare.

None, none, none, none, O none but thee,
Where'er I tarry, tread, or turn ;
For thee alone life's flame shall burn
Till trampled by mortality.

O angel! angel mine! what eye
Can see, what heart can feel—nor own
Thy charms—and love thee, thee alone,
Soul of the kiss of ecstacy!

How sweet, how sweet, how sweet to dwell
In love's transporting joys!—to sail
Down life's sweet stream, with favoring gale,
Till reaching death's unwelcome cell!

Blest of creation—thou divine
Light of mine eyes—thou living rose,
That fragrance o'er my being throws,
Let blessings light that path of thine!

DIRGE.

Fáj, fáj.

Woe, woe!
Woe ! my soul's woe !
She is departed,
I—broken hearted ;
Woe ! my soul's woe !

O'er my dark hours
Wretchedness pours
Thousands of curses and pains—
Nothing remains.

Nothing for sorrow
To smite with to-morrow ;
Sorrow has emptied its quiver,
Emptied for ever.

And my sad soul
Stands at the goal
Where suffering's exhausted ; I crave
Nought but a grave.

A BACSIAN SONG.

Van egy szép Bács Vármegyében.

THERE is on Bacsia's happy land,
There is upon the Tiszian strand,
A maiden—from whose face there streameth
Light, as from any star that beameth.

She holds a fragrant violet,
And a red paony, that's wet,
That's wet, that's fed with heavenly dew—
A favorite of the maiden too.

She is as radiant as the morn,
Her eye-light pierces like a thorn ;
Her form is grace and majesty ;
The world has nought so fair as she.

Her graceful, gentle, easy gait ;
Her tones so soft, so smooth, so sweet :
It were no sin * to build a shrine,
And bend before her as divine.

Hasznos Mulatságok, Nő. XXII., p. 169, 1819.

* Nem kár vóna. It were no pity.

COMFORT.

De mit tőrőm fejemet?

O WHY, O why should I repine,
As if there were no griefs but mine,
 No woes like these?
Since others have their cares—not few—
And others sing their dirges too
 And elegies.

There's none whose bliss may not be broken,
There's none whose language has not spoken
 Of sad distress:
No eyes that tears have never wet,
No heart above the influence set
 Of bitterness.

Poor man! he deems it sweet to know,
When thistles round his path-way grow,
 They grow for all;
That he, a pilgrim, only fares
As other pilgrims fare—and shares
 Man's common call.
And thus, the universal lot
He bears—and bearing, murmurs not—

'Twere vain annoy ;
But, with his fellow-travellers speeds
Over the plain, 'midst flowers and weeds,
In social joy.

Then yield not, yield not to despair,
But bid the bud of sorrow bear
A flower of peace ;
For peace is virtue's favorite twin,
And grief is close allied to sin ;
And changeless ease
Is not a child of earth : there's nought
But quiet courage, tranquil thought,
To smooth our path :
Pain will be there—'tis yours, 'tis mine,
'Tis all men's. Misery its decline
And rising hath.

Thus I subdue my stubborn will,
And though my grief were greater still,
Would patient bow.
Calmer and happier there are many,
And yet I would not change with any
My being now :
For I have learnt 'tis well ! and spring
A joyous, renovated thing,
From grief and gloom.
'Tis well ! I'll utter through the day
'Tis well ! upon my bed I'll say,
Through time to come.

Friends ! I have triumphed ! I have found
Comfort—now pass the wine-glass round ;

We'll pledge anew.

Among your social ranks I'll stand,
I'll grasp again each friendly hand,

And so do you !

If absence exile us—if I,
Divided, distant—need must sigh

O'er life's vexations,—

I'll think that every pain is light,
And every hour of darkness bright,
Save separation's.

[This Song, the original of which is exquisitely versified, was first published by Adam von Horvath, himself a Hungarian poet. In the province of the White Mountains (Stuhlweissenberger), it is universally known and sung, and is one of the most popular pieces of Magyarian poetry. The present translation was printed in the Pledge of Friendship for 1828.]

THE DIFFERENCE.

Más a' veréb, más a' fecske.

THE sparrow is no swallow, the gad-fly is no bee,
The crowfoot* is no rose, and no grape the gooseberry ;
No brass is gold, no bran as honey-comb is sweet,
And summer when it comes the thrush is pleased to greet :
The ducats of the rich, however bright and many,
Need never blush to own the poor man's single penny.

* Béka-virág. Ranunculus acris. LINN.

INVITATION.

Gyere Rúszám Enyingre.

O COME, my Rosa ! let me flee
 To Enyin, o'er the world, with thee,
 Where roses in the markets be,
 Which thou shalt wreath and wreath for me.

Sweet Bodis hath a garland bound,
 And twined it all my sleeve around ;
 What thanks I owe her !—she hath crown'd
 With thick-strewed flowers the wreaths she wound.

The elder-tree is dead and dry ;
 Where, where at evening shall we lie ?
 Soon to our pillow must we fly ;
 Our bridal bed awaits us nigh.

Dost go, my Rose ? Indeed I go.
 Wilt leave me here ? Aye ! be it so.
 And wilt thou not repent thee ? No !
 I cross the Rhine-waves when they flow.*

* The singular construction of the original of this verse is here preserved :

El mégy Rúzsám ? el biz' én.
 Itt hagysz engem ? itt biz' én.
 Nem szánnál e' ? nem biz' én :
 At menek Rajna vizén,

Nine golden florins must be mine,
What I desire—dost thou decline ?
No ! I desire not. Dream of thine ;—
I leave thee now to cross the Rhine.

I will not struggle for thee now,
Nor in the year to come, I vow ;
I go, I go, I tell thee so,
To where the Rhine's old waters flow.

Hasznos Mulatságok, No. XXIII. p. 177, 1819.

THE IDLER.

Nincsen nekem semmi bajom, csak hogy szegény vagyok.

NOTHING, nothing do I want, and yet I'm very poor ;
An idler all my life have been, yet am afflicted sore ;
Stores of wheat I call my own, and still I have no bread ;
I have been married long, though now no wife adorns my
bed.

A son is born to me, and yet no father has that son ;
He has not been baptized as yet—there is no priest, not
one ;
I fain would call a priest—no priest can any where be
found ;

I fain would call a friend—no friend is visible around.
Bring wine ! bring wine ! Alas ! no wine within my vaults
may be ;

Go buy ! go buy ! but who will sell or trust to me—to
me ?

O God ! what shall I think of now in this sad poverty ?

Hasznos Mulatságok, No. V. p. 33, 1822.

THE PIPKIN.

Oh be parányi kis csupor.

O SILLY pipkin ! storming so
With such a little fire below ;
O silly love ! that burns and burns,
And all my senses overturns.

It is not hard a fish to snare,
But of the fish's bones take care ;
Not hard with her you love to be,
But O ! the parting misery !

The sun, the rain, the wind combine
To ripen grape-fruits on the vine ;
And in due time those fruits are press'd,
And maidens for the altar dress'd.

What ! would they hide me from my love,
Mine own, mine own, my favorite dove ?
They called me weak—they did me wrong;
They called me weak—but I am strong.

I would not on the ridge be thrown,
I would not by the scythe be mown ;
My right-hand lost, O ! who would knead
For thee the white, the wheaten bread ?

Hasznos Mulatságok, No. VIII. 1823.

DANCING SONG.

Rontom, bontom, testem csontom.

A**CHING**, quaking, tottering, shaking,
Half transported, half afraid ;
To my lightly-dancing maid
Stretch I out my arms, while she
Sees my knees sink under me :
Aching, quaking, tottering, shaking,
Half transported, half afraid.

Aching, quaking, tottering, shaking,
Like a magpie skip I round ;
When I dance, my joys abound,
And I see my maiden's knees
Trembling, just as tremble these :
Aching, quaking, tottering, shaking,
Like a magpie skip I round.

Aching, quaking, tottering, shaking,
Still I dance in joy and fear ;
O the grievous burden here !
Heavy on my heart I feel
More concern than love can heal :
Aching, quaking, tottering, shaking,
O the grievous burden here !

Aching, quaking, tottering, shaking,
I must throw my *nadrág* off;*
Thou thy maiden-robcs must doff ;
Death shall find us if thou please,
Dancing dances gay as these :†
Aching, quaking, tottering, shaking,
I must throw my *nadrág* off.

Hasznos Mulatságok, No. XL. p. 301, 1819.

* Hadd repedjen a' szük nadrág—I must tear off my garments.

† Vigán kozakost tánczolva.

I have introduced the above as a specimen of the free and popular songs of the Hungarians, rather than from any sense of its merit, beyond that lively and joyous spirit which distinguishes the original.

PASTORAL.

Héj ! Katiczám, Katiczám !

George.

Ah ! Kitty, my Kitty,
Dost love me sincerely,
Devotedly, dearly ?
Then turn not away.

Catherine.

Ah ! Geordie, my Geordie,
Dost love me sincerely,
Devotedly, dearly ?
Beloved one, say !

George.

O couldst thou but know, love,
How I have been sighing,
'Twixt living and dying,
And sickening for thee.

Catherine.

Poor patient ! console thee ;
Affection will borrow
A charm out of sorrow,
If faithful thou be.

George.

O ! if thine affection
For others is glowing,
The streamlet here flowing
Shall roll o'er my grave.

Catherine.

Scribe, bailiff, and shepherd,
And landlord, and rheinhard,
The ox, and the swineherd,
My answer shall have.

George.

O mis'ry of mis'ries !
Why sport thus to grieve me ?
Thou canst not, love ! leave me ;
Indeed thou art mine.

Catherine.

Be calm, and I'll tell thee—
That thee—thee alone, I
Will call all mine own—I
Will only be thine.

Hasznos Mulatságok, No. IV. p. 25, 1823.

ONE WORD.

'Allj meg, Rózsám egy szóra !

ONE word, one only word—and then
 Off, maiden ! to thy toils again ;
 I ask no kiss, I only say,
 One word, one word, and then away.

Whene'er you see a youth outpour
 Rose-water all his visage o'er ;
 And wash and stroke his whiskers, know
 'Tis love alone impels him so.

And when you see a maiden throw
 Rose-water o'er her snowy brow,
 Be sure she loves some chosen man,
 And she will have him if she can.

A house there is on Duna's* shore,
 And a fair maid—but on the door
 There are nine locks—but what are they ?
 I'll break their nine-fold bolts away.

Hasznos Mulatságok, No. XVI. p. 127, 1819.

* The Danube.

THE LITTLE BIRD.

Sík mezőben, zöld erdőben.

O'E'R the meadows, to the forest,
Little birdlet flew :
Green his pinions, bright his flying,*
Beautiful to view.
And he calls me—“ Come, go with me,
“ I'll go with thee too.”

Hasznos Mulatságok, No. XLI. p. 321, 1819.

* Piros lába—his flight is red.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE YOUNG WIFE.

Tiszta liszbői sűl a' kalács.

HER labouring hands the meal must knead,
 Her busy toil must bake the bread ;
 The priest may read his records o'er :
 The lord and master take the air :*
 But there is nought but grievous care.
 And heavy labour for the poor.

As from the rock the mad cascade
 Falls—so did I—a thoughtless maid—
 Wed--when it had been well to tarry.
 O could I be a maid again,
 That man must be a man of men,
 Who should seduce the maid to marry !†

Hasznos Mulatságok, No. XXXV. p. 281, 1818.

* Urat, mestert a' sétálás.

† The original has—

“ Jól megnézném kihez mennék
 Megvalasztanám a' legényt,
 Mint piarczon az edényt.”

“ I would look carefully around me before I married ;
 I would so choose a youth
 As I choose a vessel in the market-place.”

Férjhez menni (to go to the man) is the Hungarian phrase for the woman's marrying (nubere). The marriage of the bridegroom is called Feleségül venni (to take a wife) ducere.

SONG OF THE VESPREMS.

Sikra válék, ott találék kincs—kincs—kiucsre.

UPON the ground, I found, I found, a tre-tre-treasure ;
I guide my boat, when once afloat—and hur-hur—
Hurry to the Inchian lands, where mine own beloved stands.

I go, I go, to Baknéjo,* my fa-fa-father-land ;
And all the scene, is fair and green ; an or-or—
Orphan was I once, but now covet I a maiden's vow.

Amidst the throng, I sought her long—and haste-haste-hastened
By joy impell'd—my glass† I held—and rest-rest-Rested on my plighted faith—strong as love, and strong as death.

Let no disdain, sweet maiden, pain thy love-love-lover,
But let us share our frugal fare—be hap-hap-Happy on those gifts to live, which the Papa-field‡ shall give.

* Bakóny is an extensive forest in Vestprim, and *Papa* is a remarkably pretty market-town in the same province.

† Tükörömmel, mirror. Doubtless to exhibit the face of the lady.

‡ Field of the Priest.

Some simple dish of bread and fish—our dai-dai-dainties :
Hungarians brave—no more would have. The coach-
coach-

Coachmen swiftest steeds convey, but the blind-man gropes
his way.*

And thus, and thus, sweet maid for us, shall age, age, ages,
With gentle tread, glide o'er our head—and he-he-
Heaven's benignity divine, grant us bread and grant us
wine.

Hasznos Műlatságok, p. 1, 1820.

* Szára siet a' kocsis, talpra tapod a' vak is. The coachman hurries over the sledge-path, and the blind man treads upon his own soles ; i. e. some move fast, some slow ; and no man is master of his own destiny. The curious rythmus of the original is preserved in this translation, thus :

Síkra válék, ott találék kincs, kincs, kincsre
Tiszta kezem már evézem incs, incs,
Incsre sietve megyek, hogy szeretbe legyek.

MISKA.

Sarga csizsmás Miska sárban jár.

MISKA comes with yellow boots, and in scarlet clothes,
On the streamlet's farther bank Panni lingering goes ;
Wait not Panni—wait not now, for that foppish fellow
Will not spoil his scarlet clothes nor his boots of yellow.

Would he risk his scarlet clothes—still thy tarrying lover
Could not cross the parting stream—would not ford it over;
For the plank is borne away by the o'erflowing tide,*
Panni too has turned her eye from the youth aside.

Not the scarlet, not the stream, nor the barking hound,
Mighty heaven ! far other cause—'twas the envious sound,
Sound which slander's voice had waked—and the love long
fed

Out of ancient happy thoughts—faded, fainted, fled.

* In these lines are two vulgarisms :

A' vízen át' (1) még sem lehetne,
A' padot elmosta vót (2) az árvíz.
He could not go through the water,
The overflowing carried the plank away.

(1) *Át'* for *átal* (through). *Vót* for *volt*.

MAROSIAN SONG.

Arád a' víz, meg elapad.

THE waters ebb and the waters flow,
My head is aching with anxious woe ;
But come, my rose, and sit down with me,
Soon calm and sunny hours will beam ;
My heart shall find tranquillity,
And be as bright as Maros' stream.

Sweet dovelet ! thou art as sad as I ; . .
List ! for the stork goes flapping by :
See ! for the courser seeks the glade ;
The grass is hung with gems of dew.
Let's seek the fields, my lovely maid,
Let's mount our steeds, and be joyful too.

Hasznos Mulatságok, No. XXVIII. p. 209, 1819.

THE STORK.

STORK ! Stork ! poor Stork !
Why is thy foot so bloody ?
A Turkish boy hath torn it,
Hungarian boy will heal it,
With viols, fifes, and drums.

The original of this curious composition is as follows :

Gólya, gólya, gólicza !
Mért véres a' labod ?
Török gyerek vágta ;
Magyar gyerek gyogyította
Síppal, dobbal, nádi hegedűvel.

[When in the spring the storks first appear on Csalókőz, (one of the islands of the Danube,) the boys of Hungary assemble with drums, and fifes, and violins, and welcome the birds with this simple song. It is an universal opinion among the lower classes of the Hungarians, that the storks (which they look upon with great tenderness) pass their winter in Turkey, where, according to the stories of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, every species of cruelty was practised upon them.]

Hasznos Mulatságok, No. LI. 1820.

THE BROWN MAIDEN.

Nem jötten volna én ide.

O WHY am I here, O why am I bound
In magic fetters now ?
A brown maiden's eyebrows have girt my heart round,
The eyebrows that gird her brow ;
And were it not so, and were it not so,
I could not from that brown maiden go.

Brown maiden ! O thou hast betray'd the youth—
Thou, erst so beloved and true ;
Thou hast trapp'd in a snare my spirit of truth,
Thou art falsehood and fickleness too !
And all thou hast done, and all thou hast said,
O'erflow'd with deceit, thou treacherous maid !

Hasznos Mulatságok, No. XXII. 1820.

THE BEGGAR'S SONG.

Csaplárosná galambom.

Now, hostess, now ! my pretty bird,
Fill up the cup with wine ;
So I, the poor Hungarian boy,
Shall chase the griefs of mine.

And blessings on thee, comrade dear !
Heaven shield thy head from woes,
From penal laws, and fiscal claws,*
And Turks and Tartar foes.

Hasznos Mulatságok, No. XXXVII. 1820.

[This song is called a *Betydr Dall*. *Betydr* is a miserable dog, a poor devil (as the French use *pauvre diable*) : the word also means *herdsman*, and particularly *swineherd*.]

* Vármegyétől, Fiscustól—literally, from the justices or authorities of the laws ; and from the Fiscal, (Justitiarius,) or *Amtmann*, in Germany. The arbitrary acts of these personages are very notorious, and the wish to be freed from them a most natural prayer ; nor is the desire to be safe from Turks and Tartars a less appropriate one in the mouth of a wretched Hungarian.

SONG OF THE SHEPHERD OF MATRA.*

Magamban nevetem.

I OFTEN laugh contentedly
 On the world's evil and its good;
 Far dearer than the world to me
 Is this, my mountain solitude.

I eat and drink—my spirit-ease,
 No legal squabbles drive away ;
 I lay me down at eve in peace,
 And joy awakes me when 'tis day.

And every cottage is my home,
 And every shepherd is my friend ; †
 Their wealth is mine—mine theirs—they come
 In common bliss, our bliss to blend.

Sweet songs I know are sometimes heard,
 But none so sweet, so dear as these,
 When the gray thrush, ecstatic bird !
 O'er Matra pours its ecstacies.

* Matra is a high mountain in the province of Chenestz.

† Emberem, verbally *my man*; *jobb emberem*, as here, *my best man*, *my friend*.

The robber's plots, the murderer's hands,
 Intrude not on our mountain glen ;
 Our robbers are the Wolfine bands,
 But not the fiercer bands of men.

No sorrows make my visage white,
 Or from my cheeks their smiles convey ;
 My pipe I kindle with delight,
 While round its smoky volumes play.

The noonday sun shines hot above,
 Then with my herds I hasten home,
 Milk the white ewes to please my love,
 And know a sweet reward will come.

Again we seek the hills—I seize
 My *furyla*, * and wake its song ;
 And, scattering music on the breeze,
 I walk my listening sheep among.

Then to the Linden trees I go,
 Each Linden seems to welcome me ;
 My body on the turf I throw,
 Where spread the shadows of the tree.

But who is there ? My rose, my rose !
 My heart is buried in her breast,
 As in a shrine. O see ! she goes
 Clad in her short and modest vest. †

* Furulya, Furuglyá, is the Hungarian shepherd's pipe.

† Szoknyában : the short under garment of the Hungarians.

Sweet Pere ! aye ! thou art as sweet
As is forgiveness ;* on thy face
I saw two smiling angels meet,
Two little loves thy cheeks did grace.

Where art thou wandering—Pere ! mine !
My flocks are scattered widely now ;
For thee I look, for thee I pine ;
Sweet maiden ! tell me where art thou !

* Ollyam vagy te Pere,
Mint az engedelem :
“ So art thou, Pere, like forgiveness :” i. e. thou art ready to
forgive, thou art forgiveness itself.

THE PARTING GIRL.

Nesze vedd el jegy gyűrűdet.

O TAKE the wedding-ring away,
And take the wedding-kerchief, pray !
O take them back—it may not be—
I must not share my fate with thee.

Alas ! my sisters are thy foes,
And father, mother, friends oppose ;
O blame me not, it was not I—
I struggled 'gainst the misery.

Could I have will'd, a different lot
Were thine and mine—O blame me not !
I am a poor and feeble one,
Whom pity might look down upon.

O'er me there shines a baleful star,
Whose rays of disappointment are ;
The spring for me hath doff'd its bloom,
And comes all clad in garb of gloom.

I plant young roses—and the rose
To briars and to wormwood grows ;
O wormwood ! wormwood ! plant of death,
Of thee I'll twine myself a wreath.

Thou shalt my bridal-garland be,
To crown a sad festivity;
Then in the peasant's hats shalt wave,
When I am carried to my grave.

Hasznos Mulatságok, No. XLV. 1823.

SYMPATHY

Hirtelen nő a' szerelem.

He.

How sudden love's creation is,
My heart's experience well may deem ;
'Tis full of pain, 'tis full of bliss,
A light, mysterious, lovely dream :
A transport heaving in my breast,
A fire that burns my cheeks, a storm
That rocks my heart, and rends my rest—
O love ! thou sweetest, saddest form ;
Thou complicated maze, that throws
My mind into perplexity !
O soothe it with thy kiss, my rose !
Since for one kiss of love from thee
The world I'd freely give ;—but hide
Thy beauties from my anxious glance ;
O turn thy little mouth aside,
And veil thy rosy countenance :
Thy swelling hills of purest snow,*
Thine arms so round and so enchanting,
Sweet violet ! they wound me so,
I dare not look, for light is wanting.

* Szőkddöcselő hő halmaid. Thy swelling snow-hills, i. e. thy swelling snow-white bosom.

Nay ! bend thy lips of love to mine,
And list to songs, tho' sad yet dear :
I languish for a smile of thine,
And tremble, while I hope and fear.

She.

I know that loves grow up unwonted ;
My breast, youth ! vibrates to thy breast ;
My rest, brown boy ! is also haunted
By visions such as haunt thy rest :
The sweet, transporting pain, I share it ;
Love's mandate, I, like thee, obey ;
And if thou bear its weight, I bear it,
And walk with thee its thorny way.
Sweet grief,—sad pleasure— let us dwell
Together, sharing bane and bliss ;
And if a kiss can bless us—well!
Take, take, my love ! the maiden's kiss !
And these white hills of swelling snow,
And those round arms—if they can bring
A solace or a screen from woe,
Woe soon will fly on hurried wing.
I'll bend my lips of love to thine,
My happiest smile shall light on thee ;
Sing not sad songs, dear heart of mine,
But songs of joy and victory.

Both.

Our kiss shall be the pledge of faith,
The pledge of love, the heart's sweet pain ;
And each to each here swears that death
Alone shall part our souls again.

Hasznos Mulatságok, No. V. 1824.

SWEET STEPHEN.

Pista szivem, de alhatnám !

SWEET Stephen ! my heart ! I am sleepy—so throw,
 That I may repose, thy coarse garment * below ;
 “ O sweet were the sleep I should sleep,† could I be
 Fast lock'd in the arms of a virgin like thee ;
 The arms of the virgin encircled in mine.

O privileged day !
 The kiss of the virgin my kisses shall shrine
 As sweeter than they.”

But O if thou leave me, thy hand shall not break
 From the stem of the rose-tree a rose-bud so weak ;
 Tho' the hedge may be high, deep the grave tho' it be,
 Yes, Stephen ! my heart ! I will wait upon thee.
 “ In thy soft virgin arms will I rest till decay
 Shall over me roll ;
 And the sweet virgin honey‡ thy kisses convey,
 Shall be food for my soul.

Hasznos Mulatságok, No. L. p. 393, 1822.

* Szűrőd' térits'd, peasant's *cloak*.

† Almat alhatnám, an orientalism, to sleep a sleep.

‡ Szűz mézétől, virgin honey.

SONG.

'Eneklésben, musikában.

O THE ecstatic bliss of song !
It bears my heart in streams along ;
And my lips cry—Again, again !
But of all strains the sweetest strain
Is that which fills the soul and sense
With overpowering eloquence—
Without its soul all song is vain.

SWEET SPIRIT!

Szeretlek hát, a' még élek, nemes lélek tégedlet.

SWEET spirit ! while life has an impulse, thou'l be
In sorrow and sadness an angel to me ;
Be mine as I'm thine—let's be mutually blest
As the love-warbling songsters that watch their green rest.

Come hither ! to sink on my bosom—for thou,
Thou only shalt welcome the poet's first vow ;
His truth shall be met by thy truth—thou alone
Can'st judge of its purity, sweet ! by thine own.

My name and my glory are waiting on thee,
My heart melts in thine—my saint wilt thou be,
My hope and my heaven, my being, my bliss ?
Joy-giver—what joy can'st thou give more than this ?

My heart is thy temple, and, living or dead,
Thy light on its altars will ever be shed ;
And death, when it flings the poor ruin to elay,
Shall rescue thy name from the wrecks of decay.

COME HITHER.

Gyere be, Rózsám, gyere be.

COME hither, come hither, sweet rosebud, I say,
 Come hither, come hither to me
The door is wide open—come hither, I pray,
 I am lonely and waiting for thee.

DISCOVERY.

O szerencsétlen fejemet mind járjá.

A THOUSAND perplexities hang on my brow,
My heart is a streamlet of bitterness now ;
For I find that thy love is but trifling and scorn ;
Thou hast smitten a rock where a fountain of tears
Springs forth—and a passion which grew with my years,
And blends with my being, hath left me forlorn.

LOVE'S CONQUEST.

Nem hibáztal, a' kis Amor.

Love ! thou hast vanquish'd me at last,
And I am smitten through and through ;
What thou couldst not do, time long past,
Thou hast at length contrived to do.
All my resistance is subdued,
I prostrate fall in thy divan ;
I stand no longer where I stood,
I feel, I own, I am but man.

I never asked nor pledged a vow,
I never bowed to thy command ;
I was a child—but now, O now,
Too well thy sway I understand.
I am thy slave—I wear thy chains—
My heart is subject all to thee ;
One passion flows thro' all my veins,
One sole sweet thought has mastered me.

That lovely form ! 'tis Venus' own,
By all the smiling graces blent ;
The roselets in the garden grown
Are far less fair, less redolent.

Thine influence, gentle as the dew ;
Thy motions, faultless ; and thy soul
Is bright ! aye, bright and blessed too !
A beautiful, a perfect whole.

Yes ! thou art beauteous in thy smile,
And beauteous in thy falling tears ;
Beauteous in silence, beauteous while
Thy living language charms our ears.
Even while I own thy tyranny,
And know I am thy slave, 'tis blest
To bend my fettered soul to thee,
And, ruled by thee, to feel at rest.

Happy, who stretches to the goal,
And sits beneath love's flowery tree,
And gathers from a blooming soul
The fruits of blessed sympathy.
There is no bliss but this—for bliss
Apart from love is all a dream ;
It dwells upon a maiden's kiss,
And consecrates the lover's theme.

Hung on his maiden's arm, distress
A garb of peace and pleasure wears ;
And want itself is blessedness,
When love looks smiling on its cares :
So that love's pains their pleasures bring,
And all its burthens wax them light,
While hope's sweet beamings sun-rays fling,
Thro' many a darkened day and night.

My freedom is for ever lost
Since thee I found, and at thy feet
I fall and worship, with the host
Of mine affections, strong and sweet.
O yes ! I build a shrine to thee,
And thou my worship'd idol art ;
I, a poor pilgrim, reverently
For incense offer mine own heart !

My heart ! yes ! bath'd in fragrant sighs,
And mingled with untainted love ;
With faith and truth, the odours rise
To thee, who smilest from above.
My prayers shall be mine incense, dear !
And for an offering worthy thee,
I'll pour the unaffected tear—
O grant a meet return to me !

UNREQUITED LOVE.

'Egek érted, de nem látod nem is érzed tüzemet.

I BURN for thee, and thou art cold, yet canst not quench
my fire ;

Why wilt thou smile on my despair, and not on my desire ?
Yet could I break away from thee, I would not wear the
chain,

Nor dash among the breakers wild, a sailor on the main.

There's no reward for constancy, no honour waits on
truth,

And love awakens misery, and faithlessness, and ruth :

Passion's remorseless scourges give more painful pangs to
pain,

And danger sits, and discord comes, where fondness has
her reign ;

And fear, that doubles all distress, hies thither with its
frown,

And bondage, taking freedom's name, impels the spirit
down.

I see thee not—I hear thee not—how dark my path ap-
pears !

I know not which o'erhangs it most, my passion or my
fears.

Two pointed barbs have pierced me through ; one is with
magic charmed,
One dipp'd in poison ; both, alas ! with awful terrors
armed ;
Freezing or firing, waking joys, or renovating woes ;
But every wavelet of my heart disturbs it as it flows.

Dragg'd, dragg'd by misery on, life's press intolerably
great,
For, loveless, truthless, who could bear his melancholy
fate ?
For disappointment brings distress, and fearful thoughts
impend,
And life will linger, linger on, as if it had no end ;

Unless my love for thee should break life's melancholy
thread !
They ask me whence my gloomy dreams, and why I bend
my head,
And why I sigh and weep, nor know why sorrows cloud
my brow.
And shall I tell the dreary tale, and shall I say 'tis thou !

Who brought me to this dark abyss ? 'tis thou—my tongue
is still ;
I will not blame thee ; I will bow submissive to heaven's
will ;

Wait patient for that sweet repose which crowns all mortal care,
And love, while living—live to love—I swear it, maid ! I swear.

My truth shall last as long as life—shall have no end but death ;
I turn to thee, I call on thee, with hot and eager breath :
And shall I tell thee all I feel—that *all*, what words can tell ?
For death alone the waves can calm that in my bosom swell !
Yes ! Welcome ! I would say to him—I say to thee, Farewell !

BLISS.

Gyászba borúlt gondolatim szünjetek.

THOUGHTS that have slept in darkness, vanish now ;
Ye have too long o'ershadow'd my sad brow ;
And I am summoned to that golden hour,
When bliss, not sorrow, wields its mighty power.

A brighter vision beams upon mine eyes,
With dreams of thee and thy sweet courtesies ;
And kiss-returning kisses—odorous words,
And all the smiles and sweets that love affords.

The radiance bursting from thine orbs of day,
The dimpled graces near thy lips which play ;
They have possessed my spirit—waked a fire
That burns and brightens, and can ne'er expire.

A fair pearl floating in my vision seems—
Is it a dream ?—Then life has nought but dreams.
Is she not mine ? Am I not hers ? Then thought,
Sense, suffering, pain, and pleasure—all are nought.

Call honey, bitter—I will not mistrust ;
Call justice, knavery—I will still be just :
Say all that glitters is not gold—'tis true ;
That hearts are morbid—and I'll say so too.

DESPONDENCY.

Gerliczénként nyögdöcselek.

LIKE a turtle-dove complaining
That no joy is now remaining ;
 What shall hope's sweet dreams renew me,
All life's desert, bare and gloomy ?

One sad thought pursues me ever—
Love is fled, returning never ;
 She who was my love's first blossom,
Sleeps upon another's bosom.

What is left for love and gladness ?
Sorrow, solitude, and sadness :
 For the dreams of peace departed,
Sighs have burst and tears have started.

But the trees and flowers I summon,
“ Bring me back that lovely woman ! ”
Then I think that she is sitting
In her castle, me forgetting.

So doth every matin, dawning,
Shade my thought with gloomiest awning ;
 Hope deferred, and bliss retreating,
Shall I ever hear thy greeting ?

EXAMINATION.

Mond meg, szivem! igaz vagy a' hozzám vagy csak csalogatsz.

Now tell me, heart ! art thou sincere, or art dissembling still ?

Art sporting with my happiness, and trifling with my will ?

What sin have I committed ? What duty left undone ?

Have I been faithless ? No ! I've been untrue to none !

A thousand, and a thousand times, I pledged to thee my vow ;

If I have in a tittle failed, be my accuser now !

Now, while again I swear, through life and time to be

Devoted to thyself, devoted all to thee.

O how I love thy English face ! and love no face but thine ! *

Yes ! all but thine, and all but thee, no love shall have of mine.

Return, my love, sweet mind ! for such a blest return

Will wake all smiling thoughts, and check all thoughts that mourn.

* Tisztelem Angyali képet, mást soha nem szeretek.

Here, hovering round thy lovely form, till death shall smite
thee, maid ;

And dreaming of that better world which death shall ne'er
invade.

Sweet thought ! which time can bring from blest eternity ;
Sweet thought ! eternal joy ! to dwell in heaven with thee.

Thou bidst me leave thee. Yes ! I'll leave, when love
grows cold, or I

Can plant another in my breast ; or, tired of thee, I die :
Of thee, for whom I all abandon and despise ;
Of thee, with whom the rays of pleasure set and rise.

O scorn me not—thy scorn is pour'd on truth, on love—on
all

That earth adores, that heaven approves ; thy marriage
festival

May see a fairer swain—a prouder train may show,
But faithfulness like mine, and fondness, maiden, No !

Yet come what will, and frown what may, I'll worship thee,
my fair !

All pains, all pangs, all martyrdoms, for thee I'll voiceless
bear.

There is no death I dread, if from its suffering thou
Would rouse thy love's sweet smile and consecrate my
vow.

THE HUMAN HEART.

Bátor a' szív, erös is.

THE human heart is bold and strong,
Yet oft betrayed or guided wrong,
With little flattering, soft caresses,
Or gilded words that love expresses ;
With fascinating smiles and kisses,
And present dreams and promised blisses.

The human heart is strong and bold,
Yet often wounded, oft controll'd ;
Listening to fancy's strange transportings,
And falsehood's wiles, and woman's courtings ;
A thousand treacherous darts go through it,
And then it bleeds, and then—we rue it.

The human heart is strong and bold,
A granite castle's mural hold,
Where fetters rattle—ah! those fetters
Have chained me, and they chain my betters.
Sweet rose! why should thy thorns surround me,
Thus to perplex, and thus to wound me?

The human heart is strong and bold,
But thine, a woman's, proud and cold ;
 Its iciness a fire has lighted,
 Its pride, my buds of hope has blighted.
 Strange that such power to thee was given
 To make, by love, a hell of heaven.

Heart ! then be cautious, nor attend
To whispering wiles, nor slippery friend ;
 The honied speech hath verjuice in it,
 And ecstacy's swift-pinion'd minute
 Brings years of pain : if love betray thee,
 Nought can its miseries repay thee.

YOUTH.

Vígan élek a' világón.

YOUTH'S the season of enjoyment,
So I'll give full scope to joy ;
Pleasure, wisdom's best employment,
Shall my thoughts and dreams employ.
Let the sad ally with sadness,
I have made my peace with gladness.

Full of smiles and cheerful-hearted,
Spring leaves winter's dreary den ;
Night's dark demons, when departed,
Bring day's sunny sprites again.
In the abyss of grief the deepest,
Thou, sweet consolation ! sleepest.

Life is fleeting—then improve it ;
Lo ! it melts beneath thy touch ;
'Tis too lovely not to love it,
'Tis too vain to love too much :
It has honey-giving flowers,
It has balsam-bearing bowers.

Gather round thee friends of kindness,
To their hearts thy heart be given ;
Friendship in our mortal blindness
Is the only light of heaven.
For the faithless friends thou ruest,
Cling to one, or two, the truest.

THE BRIDE.

Bezzeg vagyon nekem is már feleségem.

I GOT me a bride—ah ! I got me a bride,
And a pretty good portion of trouble beside ;
I have buried the peace and the joy of my life,
Which I shouldn't have done had I buried my wife.

I know not what fiend with the witch has combin'd ;
He dived to his den, but he left her behind :
I asked her for wine, and I asked her for bread,
And she flung first abuse—then her fist at my head.

When I think of that excellent landlady who
Gives me food—gives me drink, and so cheerfully too ;
And turn to that dragon,* whom tiger-milk nurst,
My heart splits in two when I feel how I'm curst.

Only two nights ago—who had dreamt she was nigh ?
When thinking and meaning no evil, not I ;
I was bound to a neighbor's—the hideous one came
And vomited vengeance, and fury, and flame.

* Feni féreg—Hideous worm—a common Magyar appellation for the devil, or dragon (Sarkany).

"Thou scoundrel! thou vagabond! wench-hunting knave!"*

This, this was the welcome the evil one gave;

She roared like a lion that springs from his nook;

And, O! how I tottered, and trembled, and shook.†

How long, O thou work of the devil! how long?

Every day thou art here does thy destiny wrong:

I know what thy doom is, I know it full well;

But why, while on earth, am *I* driven to hell?

* Te, kurafi! mit csinálsz itt kurvanyádban?

Kurvanya literally means, mother of harlots. *Kurva* is the Slavonic for courtezan; though it is hardly to be supposed the Magyars were universally chaste before they borrowed the unchastity-denoting word from their neighbours. There is an old Hungarian word *ringyo*, meaning the lowest of prostitutes.

† This is somewhat too free in the original:

Ijedtemben b茅vizeltem a' gaty谩ban.

The *gatya* is the linen underdress (drawers) worn by the Hungarians in warm weather.

THE MAGYAR DANCE.

Még azt mondják : nem illik a' táncz a' Magyarnak.

A VERY pretty piece of dreaming to fancy that a Magyar
lad,
In leathern shoes and shortened breeches,* can dance ! O,
no ; but see him clad
In rattling spurs and plumpy head-dress ; † and then, and
then, when full of joy,
Before his pearl-browed‡ Magyar maiden, O then behold
the Magyar boy.

* The Magyars hold the short breeches and shoes of their German neighbours in very great contempt, and deem spurs so essential to a dancer, that they have an expression betokening that “a dancer without his spurs is a soup without salt, a kiss without a beard.”

† The kalpag, or Hungarian national cap. It is made of fur, and decorated with rows of feathers. Feathers are used in Hungary on many occasions similar to those in which ribbons are employed by us, as for example, by recruiting parties.

‡ The pásta is the ornamented head-dress of the unmarried women of Hungary, Slovakia, and Servia. Formerly none but virgins were allowed to wear it, and it was taken from the bride with many ceremonies on the day of marriage, when conducted to the abode of the bridegroom. On the following morning married women replaced it, or rather surmounted it by the Főkőtő. The *pászt* is composed of a number of bandages turned

Our Magyar dance they say is lonely, a melancholy dance
they say;

But see a Magyar foot when twinkling—is it not sportive,
glad and gay?

Go to the Shimian fields and tell me, if ever fancy's busy
glance

Dwelt on a scene so brightly joyous, or followed a more
rapturous dance.*

The dance of Gaul is affectation ; and light though German
dances be,

They are but an eternal sameness—a wearisome mono-
tony : †

round the head, and often ornamented with pearls. A hair pin,
generally of silver, and in the form of a dagger, was struck
through it.

* Lám Somogy Vármegyében a' tánczot meg járják
Sót hogy ugrost vonnjanak, azt is alig várják.

See how, in the province of Somog, they dance that dance ;
There is no lingering, till the *ugros* is danced through.

The *Ugros* is the gay and cheerful dance ; the *Verbunkos* the slow
and formal—it is used when recruits are engaged.

† This is true of the German waltzes, to which it refers. The Magyar dance is exceedingly varied in its figures. Dr. Rumy tells me, that on one occasion an English traveller noted down the many changes of figure in a Magyar dance, and they amounted to more than a hundred. My friend, who thinks that there is a strong resemblance between the national character of the English and the Magyars, will have it that even in their dances this is the case. The general tone of the Magyar feeling is melancholy and pathetic.

And gloomy are the English dances—a heavy and a tiresome chain;
But ours, but ours were consecrated, aye ! down from old
King David's reign.

DISDAIN.

Ha te engem' csak mulatságból szeretsz.

THY very smiles my heart o'ershade,
They speak but of thy cold disdain ;
Could I uproot thee thence, fair maid !
My heart might rest in peace again.

Thy gentle spirit cannot know
What hours of woe I pass for thee ;
Thou couldst not try affection so,
Nor trifle with a wretch like me.

How oft, in evening's twilight hour,
I've pass'd for thee thy dwelling round,
And struggling 'gainst love's mighty power,
With heavier, heavier chains was bound !

List, O my treasure ! List ! for all
Are thine of thought's best offerings :
List to thy slave's, thy suppliant's call —
Break his dark chains, and lend thy wings.

MY ERROR.

Nem hitten volna hogy így tégy.

I NEVER dream'd that thou couldst be
So treacherous and so cold to me ;
Once thou o'erflow'd'st with tenderness,
As now with pride and scorn's excess.
Thy love was but a faint esteem—
Mine, bright and warm, as summer-beam ;
And thine indifference wounds me more
Than hate or grief could wound before.
I vow'd—I will not break the vow,
Though pledged to one so cold as thou ;
I'll keep the sacred oath I swore,
Till o'er me death shall close its door ;
And then, even then, my slumbering clay,*
My crumbling bones, from day to day
Shall pour forth sighs to thee—to thee—
Till not a fragment rests of me.
Then say upon my grave's green breast,
“ *Here slumbers in his bed of rest,*
One whom I loved—and to despair
Betray'd him. Yes ! he slumbers here.”

* Akkor is meg hült *poraim*—Then will my cold *dust*—
from *por*. *Poraim* with the plural suffix : *pulveres mei*.

I have no other wish, no prayer.
Say that my passion was sincere,
And my reward, to die—and say,
I pined in silent thought away ;
And in my dying agony
I spoke, I thought, alone of thee.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

Bokros bú habjai reám tódultanak.

O'ER me are affliction's waters in their heaviest currents
pour'd;

They have swept away all pleasure—every pleasure time
had stor'd;

Slanderous, poisoning tongues have pierced me with their
hideous calumnies,

Hence I hang my head in sorrow—hence my trackless
miseries.

Mourn for me, ye gloomy forests—mourn for me, ye dew-
hung trees—

Mourn for me, ye scattered roses—have ye witnessed griefs
like these?

Wandering for the maid I cherish'd—vainly for that maid
I roam;

'Twas for her I left my father's, mother's, brother's, sis-
ter's, home.

I must wander! heavy burthen is my heart! a weight like
lead;

Here for me is no abiding—where shall I repose my head?

I have nought but foes around me—brother, friend, acquaintance, none ;
They would fain betray the wanderer—fain would hear his dying groan.

But disease sits darkly on me, and I feel my strength decay ;
Here I may not tarry longer—Pilgrim of the earth, away !
Come away ! the steeds are waiting—I am ready to be gone :
Forward, forward on thy journey—time is calling—onward—on.

DRINKING SONG.

Kurva az anuya rosz embernek, egy szó úgy mint száz !

OUT with it ! the knave is a miscreant, and more,
Who behind your back says what he wont say before ;
To the yells of foul slander as little I list,
As I list to the howl of a dog in the mist.
Let his tongue in his mouth-roof to rottenness turn ;
My God shall assist me his slanders to spurn.

Let the world go to wreck, if the vine-trees be spared,
And their rich ruby drops without culture be reared ;
 Our minds to enlighten,
 Our spirits to brighten,
Hurra ! and hurra ! and hurra ! to the pledge ;
Dive down to the crystalline deeps from the edge.

I know of a city, and Buda its name ;
Near Buda flows onwards the Duna of fame ;
In Duna's a fish—'tis the Hartsa*—o'er all
May the blessing of God's own benignity fall ;
And joy with the honest and excellent be,
While the worthless are given to infamy.

* Hartsa—Silurus glanis. LINN.

Yes ! let bliss be with all from God's bounty divine,
And the clouds drop down rain, and the cellar give wine ;
And our garments be free from the taint of a spot ; *
Our Magyars rule *Oláh*, and *Német*, and *Tót*.†

God give us all blessing,
Wine, roast, salt possessing ;
Give oats to the Pole,
To our foes the grave's hole,
To Magyar community,
Health, peace, and unity,
Wine and roasted meat beside,
But first a good and lovely bride.‡

* Ne legyen ruhánkon semminemii folt—on our clothes let there be no spot. *Foltos Német*—Spotted German is in Hungary a common term of opprobrium.

† *Oláh*—Wallachian. *Német*—German. *Tót*—Slavonian.

‡ The original has all this variety of measure.

THE TISZIAN.

Rákos mezőn egykor, Pesti vásárkor.

FROM the smiling fields of Rakosh,* on the market-day of Pest,

Lo ! an Over-Tiszian Chikosh in his snowy bunda drest ;†
Bunda wearing, bagpipes bearing,
And he seeks the “ Three Cups ” Tavern, where they sell
of wine the best.

There they jok’d the sheep-clad Chikosh—asked him if in
Tiszian land

People spoke the Magyar language, and could Magyar un-
derstand ?

Ór if Tiszians spoke like Grecians ?
So when they had ceased their laughing, thus he answered
out of hand :

“ Our Hungarians out of pitchers drink the overflowing
wine ;

Spice their food with rich paprika, and from ancient plat-
ters dine ;

 Your Hungarians are Barbarians,
And the manners of our fathers, scouted by such sons, de-
cline.

* Rakosh is an extensive plain near Pest.

† Túla’ Tiszán lévő Csikos bundástul. The Csikos is the keeper of wild horses. Their dress (the *bunda*) is a covering of sheep-skins and linen trousers. They generally carry bagpipes.

“ Your Danubeans, not Hungarians—out of tinkling glasses drink,
 Eat their roast from lattin dishes, pleased to hear their glasses chink ;

Silly traitors !—while their betters Think they are but bastard Magyars, though they say not *all* they think.

“ We have not a Tiszian hostess—none ! but speaks our Magyar ;

Here they prattle out their German—pretty patriots they are !

But if German they prefer, man,
 Soon would each wine-drinking Magyar fly from their infected bar.

“ Priests and preachers midst our Tiszians speak our Magyar tongue alone ;

E'en our Rusniakian papas make the Magyar tongue their own ;

Here, Teutonic, or Ratzonic ;* Any, any thing but Magyar—and of Magyar nothing known.”

[This composition is very characteristic of the Hungarian feeling, and notwithstanding a certain air of vulgarity about it, I have thought it well worth preserving.]

* Razek, Servian.

FORTUNE.

A' szerencse csak játszik.

O FORTUNE ! thou capricious thing !
Flitting on low or lofty wing ;
Now scattering round thee honey-dew,
Now dark drops of poison too :
All thy vanities well I know,
Joy is a heap of mountain-snow ;
Fond words are the forms in the stream that dwell,
As sweet and brittle as the honey-cell.

Thy heart I worship—and dwell with thee
Wherever thou go, whatever thou be ;
For thee to live, and for thee to die,
Were a bright and a blessed destiny.
But a time may come, when my heart, set free,
Shall bring no tribute of love to thee ;
And the sunshine of joy, long veil'd, may soon
Pour in my path the light of noon.

DEPARTURE.

Hát már csak Isten hozzátok : így énekelek.

GOD bless ye ! God bless ye ! God bless ye ! I say ;
The horses are harnessed,* and I must away !

Old friends ! Early home !

All blessings be yours !

Let angels look smilingly down from heav'n's shores,
Let the grace of the Deity hitherward come,
And fling all its light o'er futurity's day.

Farewell, holy Love ! Sweet Affection, farewell !
Here let sports full of joy, gay-toned harmony dwell,

And freedom and peace.

Can I linger ? O no !

The steeds are prepar'd—I must go—I must go ;
For the duties of life will allow no release,
And its pleasures are buried in memory's cell.

* Indulnak már a' szekerek—Already are the carriages on the road.

FAREWELL.

Szomorú az idő,* el akar változni.

DARK is the day—O when shall it grow clearer ?
Gone is my love—and gone, his name is dearer ;
Peace bless his path ; let no unkindness meet him ;
Joy ever greet him !

Linger, sweet rose ! my tear of sorrow dews thee ;
Fair as thou art, I know that I must lose thee ;
Long is my journey—gloomy clouds flit by me ;
Wilt thou be nigh me ?

Callous to fate, and careless of my being,
Thee, only thee, I love—thee only seeing ;
Star of my heaven—my sweet dove hov'ring over,
Smile on thy lover !

* Idő—The time, the weather.

MY ANGEL.

Angyalocskam, Angyalocskam.

ANGEL ! bright angel of mine !
Azure-eyed maiden divine !
Would that sweet slumbers would chase thee,*
And from my bosom displace thee !

Can I that moment forget ?
Thou with thy eyelids so wet,
Glidedst before me—to greet thee,
Never as then shall I meet thee.

Dost thou forget it ? Forget !
Maidens will smile on me yet ;
Maidens far brighter and fairer,
One, thou false maid ! shall be dearer !

* Bár csak egy álmát álhatnám—“ Would that I could sleep a sleep,” or “ dream a dream.” ‘Alom signifies, indifferently, sleep and dream.

CONSTANCY.

Lelkem ! sirva le borúlok.

SPIRIT ! weeping, at thy feet
I would sit, and rest with thee ;
Nothing else is half so sweet,
Nothing half so dear to me.

When I leave my cottage door,
From thy window glance on me ;
See the gloomy tears I pour—
See me—soon thou will not see.

Call me. Were my sufferings known
Thine indifference soon would pass ;
Pity break thy heart, though stone—
Melt it, tho' it were of glass.

Thine indifference ? Shall I tear
Thy bright form from memory ? No !
More and more I love thee, dear !
As my sufferings stronger grow.

LIFE.

Az élet ollyan, mint a' szel.

LIFE is like the stormy breezes
 Raging with a restless sway ;
 Like the wintry wind that freezes
 Snow-heaps which soon melt away.*

Age, age—year, year overpowers ;
 Still they flow, and still they must ;
 And while children gather flowers,
 Aged fathers sleep in dust.

Rouse thee, up to noble doing,
 Noble cares and thoughts pursue ;
 Even the boisterous wind, pursuing
 Its fierce course, wafts drops of dew.

* De mint a' zivataros tél
 Kiadván mérgét valtozik, i. e.
 Like the stormy winter,
 It changes when it has given out its poison (or anger). Méreg
 means both.

PASSION.

Angyali kép termete.

METHOUGHT there came from heaven above
An angel in heaven's beauty clad,
Bearing a talisman of love,
That over earth dominion had ;
She flung her amulet on me,
I bowed—what could I do, to ward
That heaven-directed witchery,
I, a poor sighing, tremulous bard ?

'Twas love that formed her—love that fill'd
Her frame with spirit—when I heard
Her name, my heart with transport thrill'd,
A heavenly echo was the word !
A voice descended—sounds divine
Pour'd heavenly music on mine ears ;
Sweet voices uttering—“ She is thine,
And thou, blest son of song ! art hers.”

Yes ! I am thine—this thought alone
Fills all my soul with ecstacy,
And two divided hearts are one ;
O wonderous miracle ! to see

Such blending—such dissolving bliss !
Two hearts—one feeling—one desire—
A doubled joy centred—this,
This only could love's power inspire.

But midst life's transitory things,
Love must be transient—time, which flies
With all life's treasures on its wings,
Will not forget life's ecstacies.
Yet, come what may—and chance what will,
If love and faith in union be,
There will be bliss in loving still,
And this shall be a bliss for me.

THE CSUTORA SONG.

A, A, A Éljen a' nagy csutora.

A, A, A life to the gay Csutora :
A greater joy than to revel o'er a
Flowing cup can the heart desire ?
A, A, A life to the gay Chutora.

E, E, Excellent is the embrace
Of a friendly hand and a friendly face ;
Pour the cup, and fill it higher :
E, E, Excellent love's embrace !

I, I, I'll embrace it, nor *i-*-
Dly from its dewy lip-press fly ;
Deeply drink, and lift it high ;
I, I, I'll embrace it—I !

O, O, O ! it sparkles so,
Joy, love, beauty overflow ;
Envy shall pass us sighing by ;
O, O, O ! it sparkles so !

U, U, Union and joy the *fu-*-
Ture days shall brighten of me and you,
Sorrow shall fling its burdens down ;
U, U, Union for me and U.

Y, Y, Youth flits speedily *by*,
 Rapture is here with her lightning eye;
 Sorrow, begone with thy funeral frown—
 Y, Y, Youth flits speedily *by*.

A, E, I, O, U, Y, should we throw
 A cloud of darkness o'er pleasure's brow ?
 A, E, I, O, U, Y,
 Y should we darken pleasure, Y ?

The Csutora is the wine-flask which is used by Hungarians on their journeys. This composition I have introduced as a specimen of a not unfrequent play upon letters and words among the Magyars. It must be read with indulgence ; but it was desirable to give correct notions of the varieties of popular composition. As illustrative of my translation, I copy the two first verses of the original :

A' nagy csutorához.

A, A, A 'Eljen a' nagy csutora
 Szomjás torok tútora
 Ki ne fogyjon a' bora !
 A, A, A 'Eljen a' nagy csutora.

E, E, E Adjuk egymás kezibe
 Hadd folyjon ki ízibe
 A' mi szorúlt közibe
 E, E, E Adjuk egymás kezibe.

TRUE LOVE.

Kertem alatt szánt egy eke.

A PLOUGH was ploughing near my garden,
And near the plough a stripling * stood ;
So fair his form—I could not leave him,
I could not leave him if I would.

There is recruiting in the village ;
They say, Wilt thou a soldier be ?
And once I said, In truth I'm willing ;
O ! many a maiden wept for me.

The heaven is white, is white o'er Buda ;
And lov'st thou me, my lovely one ?
O if I lov'd thee not, had ever
Thy maid her arms around thee thrown ?

But I have fallen now—and anguish
Of body, heart, and soul is mine ;
My youth I clad in weeds of sorrow,
And o'er departed pleasures pine.

Hasznos Mulatságok, No. XLVII. p. 360, 1819.

* Original *Fattyú*—bastard ; sometimes used sportively, as the English word *fellow*—sad fellow, good fellow.

SINCERITY.

'Edes Kincsem, 'Tubiczám.

My darling dove, my treasure dear,
And is thy love indeed sincere ?
If not sincere, O tell me so ;
I will no longer near thee go.

'Twas long—and it will longer be
Ere other maid takes place of thee,
Whose feeble arms on me shall rest,
Upon my weary shoulders prest.

Plague on her, plague upon her name !
The maiden is a haughty dame ;
Her mother is a witch,* and they
Have plotted only to betray.

Hasznos Mulatságok, No. VIII. 1820.

* Boszorkány—Sorceress.

TREMBLING.

Nem vagy legény, nem vagy nem mersz tőlem kerü.

A **VERY** pretty fellow, you,
Who know not what to say nor do,
But stuttering stand, like one afraid—
Heaven help the boy!—ah! well-a-day!
Who knows not what to do or say
To please a laughing Magyar maid.

KÖRÖSIAN WATERS.

Viz, viz, viz.

WHERE are waters bright and clear
As Körösian waters are ?
Fairest fish have here their home,
Here the sweetest maidens come ;
Where are waters half so fair ?
Where ? where ? where ?

SONG OF FARSDAN.

Kis csupor, nagy csupor, mind egy ha el fogy a' bor.

LITTLE cup, or great cup, all is one when both are void ;
When my wife can keep them full, both are equally enjoyed.

Little glass, or great glass, all is one when fill'd with air,
And my wife storms just the same when she finds that nothing's there.

Little spoon, or great spoon, all is one when dinner's waiting,

But my wife finds fault with both when she learns there's nought for eating.

Little lid, or great lid, all is one when nothing's under ;
When my wife peeps in she shows far more waspishness than wonder.

Little store, or great store, all is one for hungry sinner ;
Give my wife the food to dress, and I'll answer for our dinner.

THE MAGYAR MAID.

Csak azért szeretem.

THE Magyar maid alone should be
 The wife of Magyar man,
 For she can cook, and only she,
 Our soup of red cayenne.*

I'll nestle at the village end,
 There make my peaceful home,
 For there the gentle dovelets wend,
 And there my dove shall come.

I mowed the grass, the sheaves I bound,
 And labor'd through the day,
 Then fell exhausted on the ground—
 My maiden was away.

Alas ! my heart is orphaned now,
 And laid in sorrow's train :
 The flowers are dead that wreath'd my brow,
 My sickle is in twain.

* A' borsos levecskét--the pepper soup, or *paprika* soup, made of the *capsicum annuum* of Linné. It is a favorite dish among Magyars, Turks, and Servians.

FÜREDI FESTAL SONG.

Felse Barát ! nincs itt Klastrom.

MONK, avaunt ! no cloister's this,
 Here no cloister's rules ;
 Doctor, off ! for here is bliss,
 Take your pills to fools :
 Wine alone, and joyous cheer—
 Joyous cheer and wine are here !

Life we know is swift and vain,
 On its wings we ride ;
 With its pleasure, not its pain,
 Would we be supplied :
 Wine alone and joyous cheer—
 Joyous cheer and wine are here !

If the Mantis flap his wing,*
 'Tis but a command
 Friendship's cheerful glass to bring
 With a steadier hand :
 Wine alone and joyous cheer—
 Joyous cheer and wine are here.

* Üsse Manó ! Let the *Mantis* take it ! *Manó* means, at the same time, the Evil Spirit.

POPULAR DANCING SONG.

Nosza legény a' tánczba !

LADS ! come hasten to the ball !
 See the lasses waiting all ;
 Shake your feet and form the line :
 See the maidens ! Bring the wine !
 Life is strung with pearls.

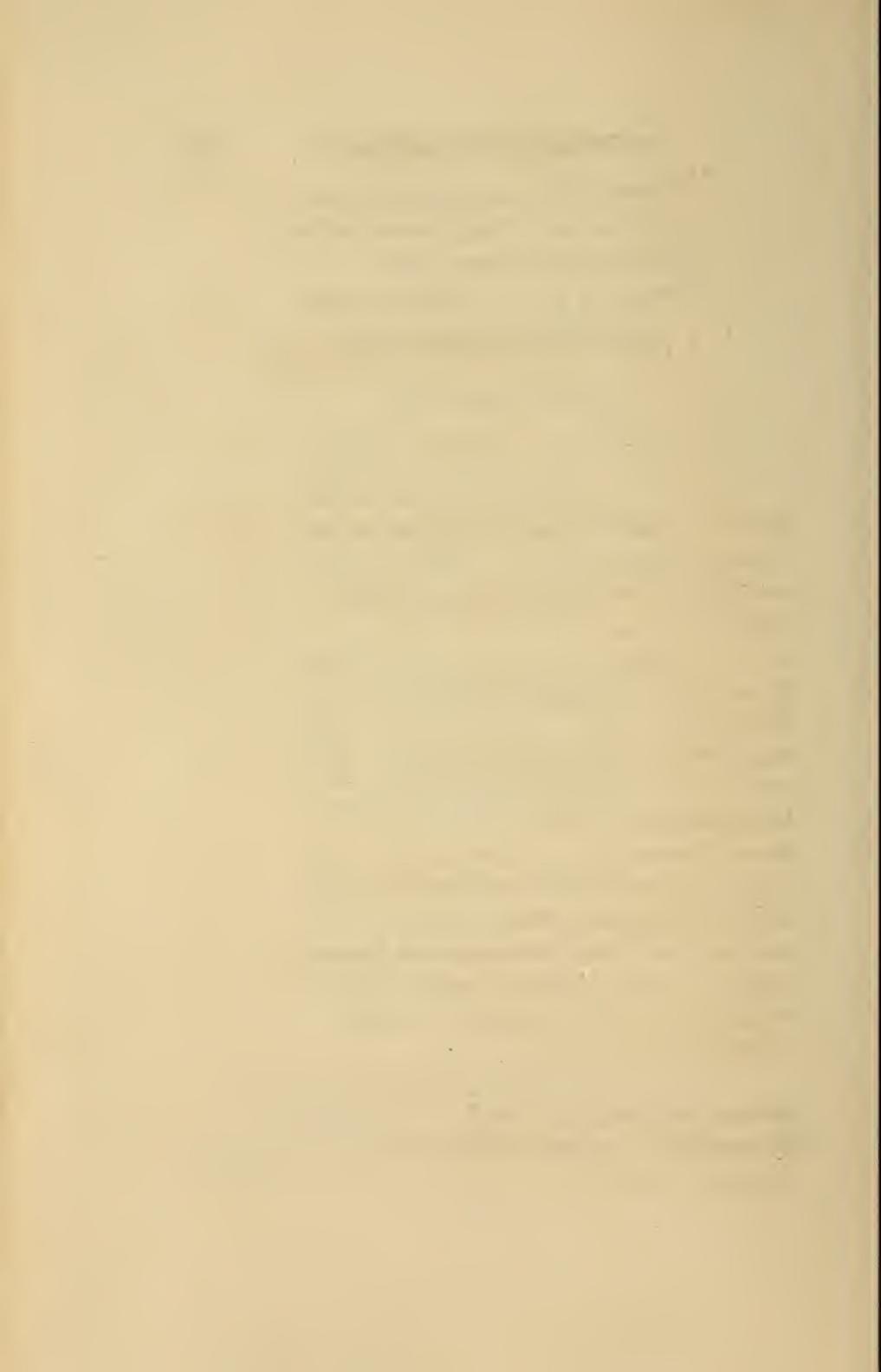
Hark ! the spurs are tinkling sweet,
*Csizmas** echo on the feet ;
 Feet and hands move joyously,
 And the dance is full of glee :
 Life is strung with pearls.

Where the smiling maidens be,
 There the happy youths we see ;
 Up and down the waving row,
 With Tartarian† steps they go :
 Life is full of pearls.

* The *csizmas* or boots of the Hungarians.

† The irruption of the Tatars in the time of Bela the Fourth, has still left its influences on the manners and language of the Magyars.

Woman ! thou whose spring is past,
Join the dance, though 'twere the last ;
Bask thee in the genial heat,
Warm thy heart, and shake thy feet :
Life is full of pearls !



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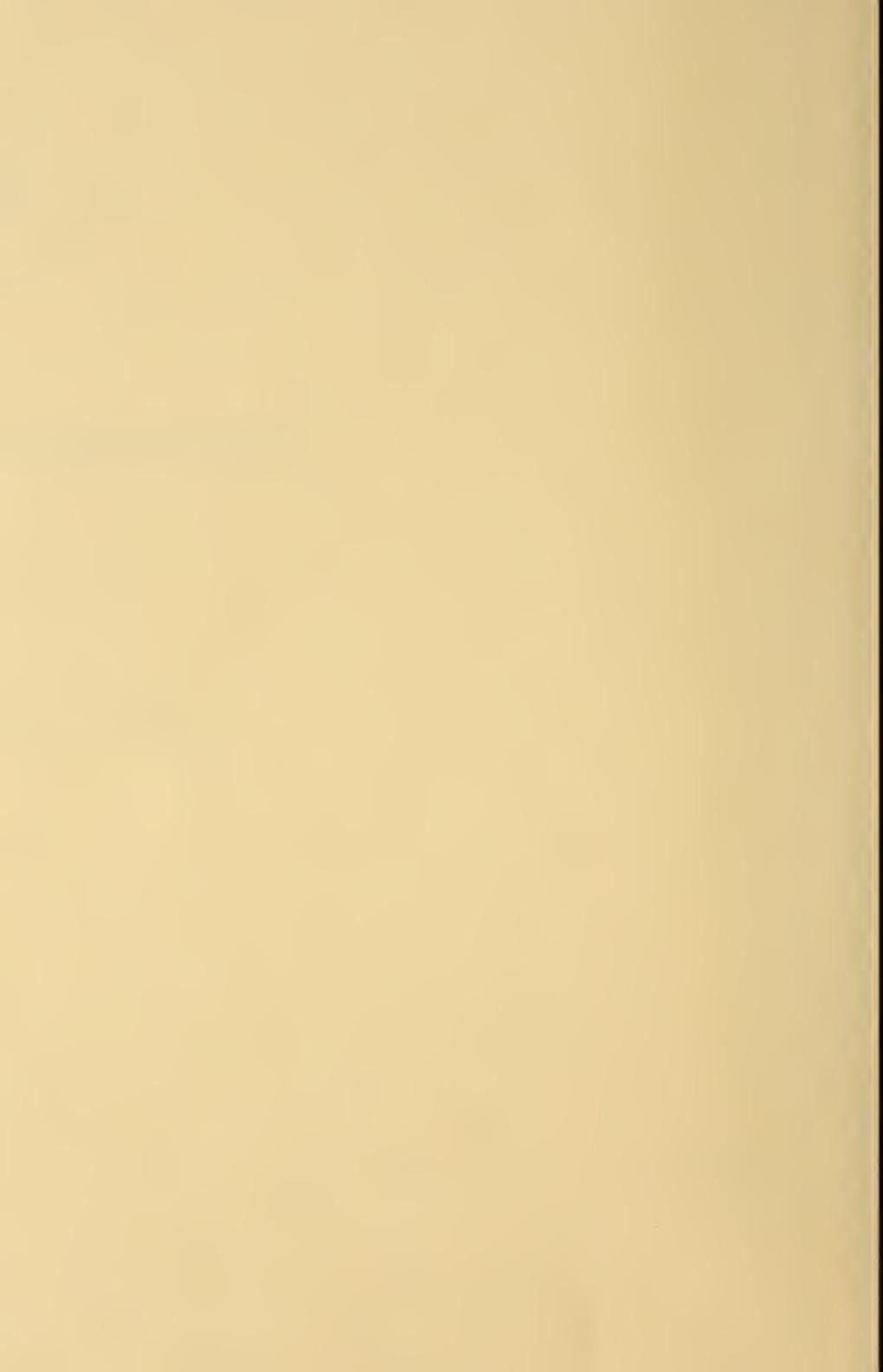
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E R R A T A.

P. 2, for "Sziklyából,"	read Sziklyából
" Erdely,".....	Erdély
6, Idem,.....	Idem
9, " Magyar-orszag,"	Magyar-ország
11—15, " Szilagyi,"	Szilágyi
17, " bővied,".....	bővíted
22, " többe,"	többé
35, " Korösbanya,"	Körösbánya
40, " Virag,"	Virág
41, " regadtok,"	ragadtok
43, " nyújtanek,"	nyújtanék
45, " Anyos Istvan Pal,"	Ányos István Pál
58, " álmonat,"	álmonat
62, " di,".....	de
65, " Pyschéd,".....	Psychéd'
67, " Millioik,"	Milliók
" sines,"	sincs
71, " szerelmes emnek,"	szerelmesemnek
73, " é,"	e'
" keze,"	keze
74, " Szívemnek legfelségesl,"	Szívemnek legfelségesb
78, " Istennuert,"	Istenért
" nyoszobjáért,"	nyoszolyáért
" Hazahoz,"	Hazához
" szavahoz,"	szavához
" magahoz,"	magahoz
" szam,"	szám
83, " szep,".....	szép
91, " ez',"	ez
93, " szukséges,"	szükséges
99, " regel,"	reggel

ERRATA.

P. 103, for "lehetnek,"	read lehetnék
105, "utan,"	után
114, "a',"	á
117, "Elet,"	'Elet
"Polczán,"	Polczán
119, "Nézzd,"	Nezd
139, "Királ,"	Király
141, "bu,"	bú
"hogya,"	hogya
147, "anyank,"	anyáuk
161, "Pharuszkent,"	Pharuszként
"dal hös,"	dal-hős
164, "øy,"	øy
165, "viraguak,"	virágnak
200, "emelodik,"	emelődik
203, "élünk,"	eltünk
204, "Szeszgard,"	Szégszárd
"district,"	County
206, "en,"	éu
"mast,"	mást
"egymast,"	egymást
207, "utan eszterhaj megcs- orchíl,"	után eszterhaj meges- ordul
209, "szarnyom,"	szárnyon
210, "Shimig (<i>Somo</i>),"	<i>Shimeg</i> (<i>Somogy</i>)
"ernclgeti,"	Emelgetí
212, "nad,"	nád
220, "Province of the White Mountains (Stuhlweiss- senberger),"	County of Székes Fejér- vár (Stuhlweissen- burg.)
221, "virag,"	virág
222, "Rúszám,"	Rúzsám
"At,"	'At
227, "szuk,"	szük
add after "garments," or rather, Let my tight nadrág be toru	
"vigán,"	read vigan

ERRATA.

P. 227, for "kozakost,"	read kozákost
231, "flight,"	foot
232, "liszból,"	lisztből
"megvalasztanám,"	megválasztanam
233, "Vestprim,"	Veszprim
235, "Sarga,"	Sárga
"At,"	'At
"vot,"	vót
236, "Avád,"	'Avad
237, "gyogyította,"	gyógyította
238, "jötten,"	jöttem
240, "Matra,"	Mátra
"Province of Chenestz,"	County of Heves
242, "Ollyam,"	Ollyan
248, read Szűr, peasant's cloak, Szűz méz, virgin honey	
249, for "musikában,"	muzsikában
250, "légedlet,"	tégedet
261, "a',"	e'
"kepet',"	keped'
267, "Fení,"	Fene
"Sarkany,"	Sárkány
268, "ringyo,"	ringyő
270, "ugros,"	Ugrós
278, "semminemii,"	semminémi
284, "Angyalocskam,"	Angyalocskám
"álhatnám,"	alhatuám
285, "bornlok,"	borulok
286, "szel,"	szél
290, "szomjás,"	szomjus

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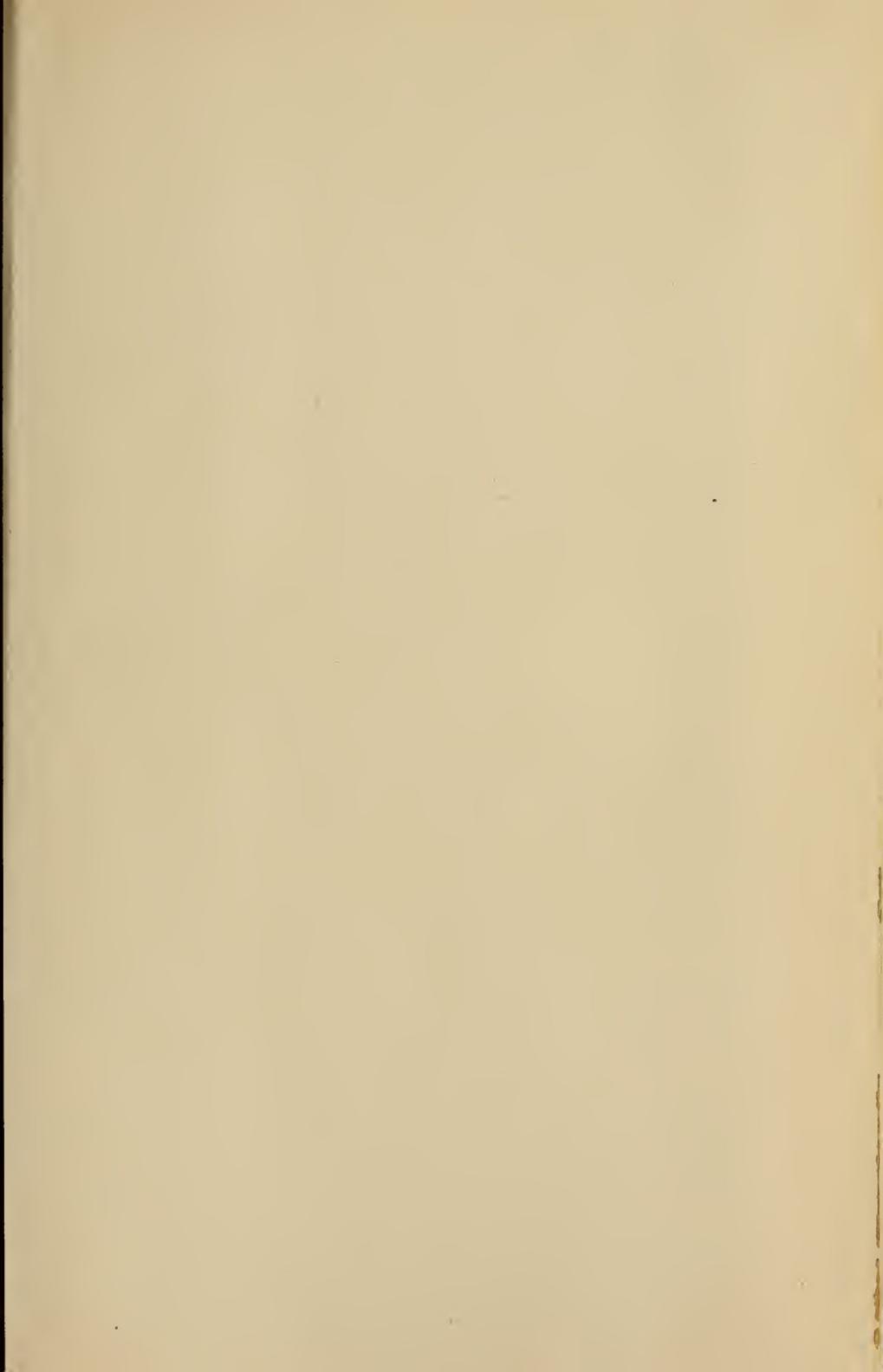
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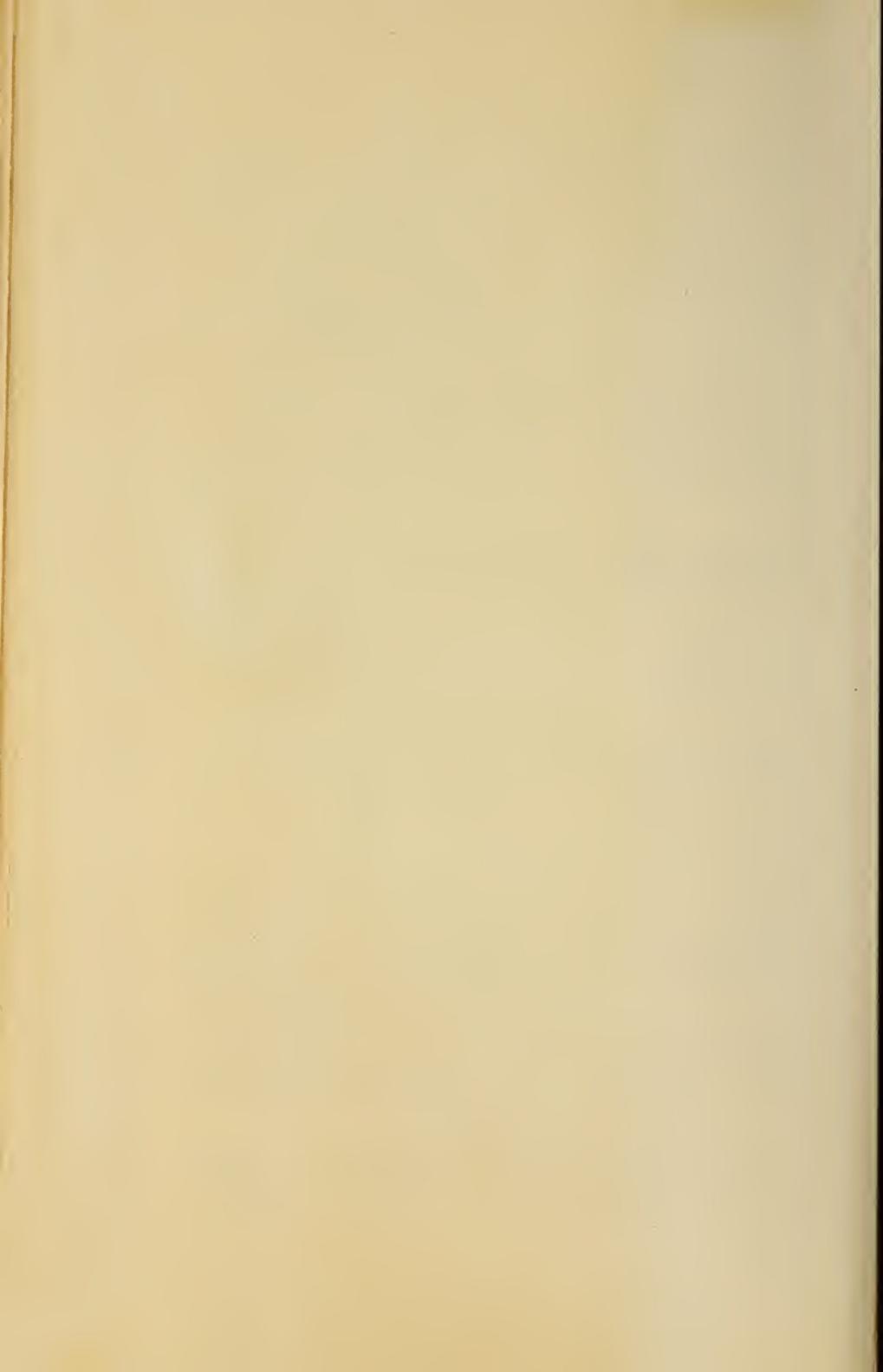
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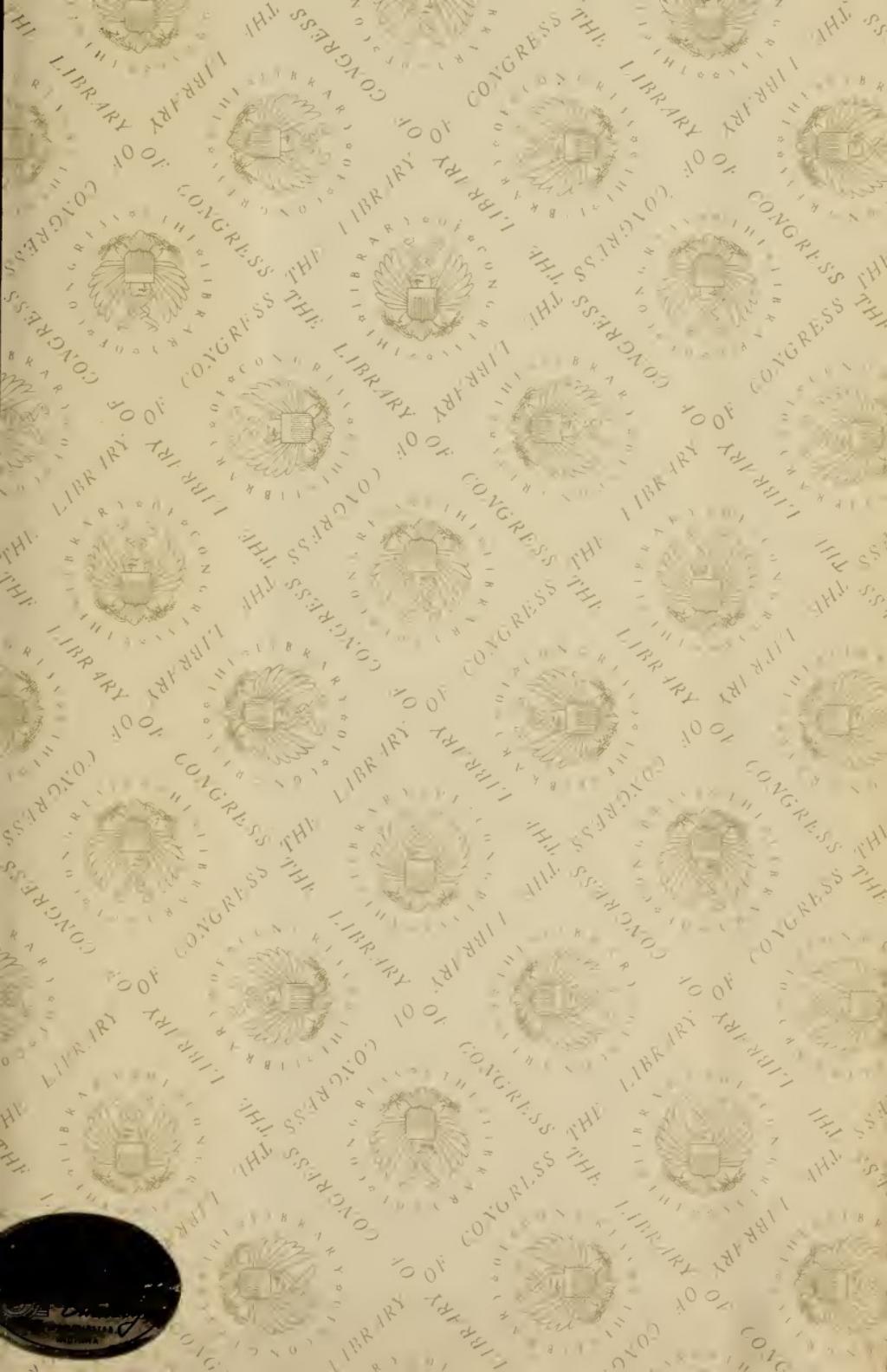
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